1685
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TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the World made publique, it is imagined, that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for my own discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal Reprehension: for,

——— Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistre.

Two Points are especially therefore to be explained; first, why I entitle this Work, England's Heroical Epistles; *secondly, why I have annexed Notes to every Epistles end. For the first, The Title (I hope) carrieth Reason in it self; for that the most and greatest Persons herein, were* English; *or else, that their Loves were obtained in* England. *And though (Heroical) be properly understood of Demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose Parents were said to be, the one Celestial, the other Mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of Mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a Celestial* Incubus, *is nothing else, but*

to have a great and mighty Spirit, far above the Earthly weakneſs of Men; in which ſence Ovid (whoſe Imitator I partly profeſs to be) doth alſo uſe Heroical. For the ſecond, becauſe the Work might in truth be judged Brainiſh, if nothing but amorous Humor were handled therein, I have interwoven Matters Hiſtorical, which unexplained, might defraud the mind of much Content: as for Example; in Queen Margarites *Epiſtle to* William De La-Pool,

My Daiſie Flower, which once perfum'd the Air.

Margarite, *in* French, *ſignifies a Daiſy; which, for the alluſion to her Name, this Queen gave for her Device: and this, as others more, have ſeemed to me not unworthy the explaining. By this mark * in the beginning of every Line, thou art directed to the Annotations for an explanation of what is obſcure.*

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I over-paſs, to eſchew tedious recital. If they be as harmleſſly taken, as I mean them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

On the Authour *MICHAEL DRAYTON*, Esq; and his *Heroick Epistles*.

SEe here *Britannia's OVID*, whose soft Pen
Transplants the *Grecian* Loves to *English* men.
View his *EPISTLES* throughly, and behold
Our native Oar, coin'd in a Roman Mould;
Yet all is Standard, all Rose-noble Gold.
See here *Britannia's LUCAN*, whose rich Vein
In History, does antient Times explain,
In our fore-Father's out-of-Fashion Dress,
He do's a Noble Gallantry express,
Equal to that of *Rome*, and much above
The little Fopperies of modern Love.
The *English* Hero's Soul is all divine,
As is the Beauty of the *Heroine*:
Howe'er they disagree in Clime or Name,
The Lover and the Brave are still the same,
The *Muses* Treasure, and Delight of *Fame*.

J. W.

On the Ingenious AUTHOUR, occasioned by the present Edition of his HEROICAL EPISTLES.

SEe, *Reader's* One, whom heav'n vouchsafes to Write
Could both the Sexes of mankind delight:
In gentle Numbers and soft Lays he sings
Th' alternate Loves of *Subjects* and of *Kings*!

The *Theme* he writes of, and his *Song* agree,
Unequal Notes make up the Harmony.

Liſten ye Wits, to that *Orphean* ſtrain,
Which charm'd even *Ovid*'s Soul to Life again;
Tibullus, *Gallus* and *Propertius* too,
All *Caſar*'s Court in one ſweet Poet view,
His *Engliſh Heroes*, courteous and brave,
Unblemiſh'd bear their Honours to the Grave:
No light *Incontinence* their *Glories* ſtain,
They fixt and conſtant in their Loves remain.
Here no *Penelope* laments her *Fate*,
In her once kind, but now inconſtant Mate.
No poor forſaken *Sappho* can complain
Of her too cruel *Phaon*'s cold diſdain.
Naſo, 'tis true, was perfect at Addreſs,
But *Drayton*'s Language only found ſucceſs:
So fraught with *Love* all his *EPISTLES* came,
They warm'd the *Anſwers* into equal Flame.

Such was the *Poet* and his *Wit* ſo great,
Pent up in Earth, it was releas'd by *Fate*.
Adorn'd with Fancy, Innocence, and Love,
His Book diſcovers that he's bleſt above:
Thus active Stars that ſhoot along the Sky,
Leave glitt'ring Tracts, to ſhew which way they fly,

B. C.

A Dedication of These and the foregoing Verses to Mr. Drayton's Heroick Epistles.

ETernal Book, to which our *Muses* flye,
In hopes of gaining Immortality.
Time has devour'd the Younger Sons of Wit,
Who liv'd when *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Johnson* writ;
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,
And to a reverend Nakedness are left.
But the chief Glory of *Apollo*'s Grove,
Drayton, who taught his *Daphne* how to Love;
Drayton, that sacred Lawrel seems to be,
From which each *Sprig* that falls must grow a *Tree*.
Our humble Lines, eternal Book, receive,
And order *Fate* to let the Suppliants live:
But if our Zeal no valued Merit brings,
And what you inspire must dye like common things;
Yet to attend the Triumphs of the Brave,
Contents the Soul and fits it for the Grave.
Besides near You an easie *Fate* we choose,
When by Neglect we Want, our Beings loose:
In such pure Air gross *Muses* take no Breath,
Faint, and in gentle Trances meet their Death.
Thus when in Honour of the Suns return,
Their imitating Lamps the *Persians* burn:
Before his Beams the glimmering Lights expire,
And Sacrifice themselves to the Cœlestial Fire.

T. B.

To the Stationer on this new and corre
Impreſſion of *England's Heroical Epiſtles*
By *MICHAEL DRAYTON*, Eſq;

GO on, induſtriouſly, and give
(Whilſt *Wit* and *Poeſie* ſhall live)
New Light to *DRAYTON*, whoſe unequall'd Qu
Diſdains all vain Eſſays of modern skill.
The *Nine* grown Houſewives now do ne'er inſpi
Such double Portions of ætherial Fire;
As once they did in thoſe his days, but ſince
In ſcantier meaſures do their warmth diſpence.
Forth then, thou Objects of the Criticks Eye
Beyond th' Efforts of all our Poeſie;
Expoſe refin'd and various Delights,
And glut the niceſt Readers Appetites.
Since the melodious *Thracian Orpheus* ſung,
No Harp was ever better Touch'd or Strung.
His Angel-ſounds, methinks the blood more warm
Than all the Pow'rs of Chaſt *Matilda*'s Charms,
Could th' Royal Lover's Breaſt; which, whilſt he
(ſings
Some Magick moves the mind's internal Springs.

Edwine Sadleyr, Baronet.

ENGLAND'S Heroical Epistles.

The Epistle of *ROSAMOND* TO King *HENRY* the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

Henry *the Second of that Name, King of* England, *having by long Suit and Princely Gifts won (to his unlawfull desire) fair* Rosamond *the Daughter of the Lord* Walter Clyfford; *and to avoid the danger of* Ellinor *his jealous Queen, had caused a Labyrinth to be made within his Palace at* Woodstock, *in the centre whereof he had lodged his beauteous Paramour. Whilst the King is absent in his Wars in* Normandy, *this poor distressed Lady inclosed in this solitary Place, touch't with remorse of Conscience, writes to the King of her Distress and miserable Estate, urging him with all means and perswasions to clear himself of this Infamy, and her of the Grief of Mind by taking away her wretched Life.*

IF yet thine Eyes (Great *Henry*) may endure
These tainted Lines, drawn with a Hand impure,
Let me for Love's sake their acceptance crave,
But that sweet Name (vile) I prophaned have:

The

The Innocent may write to Kings in *Gold*,
But my Diſpair I muſt in *Black* unfold;
Puniſh my Fault, or pitty mine eſtate;
Read them for Love; if not for Love, for Hate.
If with my Shame thine Eyes thou fain would'ſt feed
Here let them ſurfeit, of my Shame to read:
This ſcribled *Paper* which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble me:
As this pure *Ground*, whereon theſe *Letters* ſtand
So pure was I, e'er ſtained by thy Hand;
E'er I was blotted with this foul Offence,
So clear and ſpotleſs was mine *Innocence*: (Scroul
Now, like theſe Marks, which taint this hateful
Such the black Sins which ſpot my Lep'rous *Soul*.
What, by this Conqueſt, canſt thou hope to win
Where thy beſt Spoil, is but the *Act* of *Sin*?
Why on my *Name* this ſlander do'ſt thou bring,
To make my Fault renowned by a *King*?
"*Fame* never ſtoops to things, but mean and poor
"The more our Greatneſs is, our Fault's the more
"Lights on the Ground, themſelves do leſſen far,
"But in the Air, each Spark doth ſeem a *Star*.
Why, on my Woman-frailty ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a Plot, mine Honour to betray?
Or thy unlawfull Pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
With thine own Shame, and my black Infamy?
'Twas not my Mind conſented to this Ill,
Then had I been tranſported by my Will;
For, what my Body was inforc'd to doe,
(*Heav'n* knows) my Soul yet ne'er conſented to

For, through mine *Eyes* had she her liking seen,
Such as my *Love*, such had my *Lover* been.
'True Love is simple, like his Mother-Truth,
'Kindly Affection, Youth to love with Youth;
'No greater corsive to our blooming Years,
'Then the cold Badge of Winter-blasted Hairs.
'Thy Royal power may well withstand thy Foes,
'But cannot keep back *Age*, with *Time* it grows;
'Though *Honour* our ambitious *Sex* doth please,
'Yet in that Honour's Age a foul Disease:
'Nature hath her free Course in all, and then
'Age is alike, in Kings, and other Men.
Which all the World will to my shame impute,
That I, my self did basely prostitute;
And say, that *Gold* was Fuel to the Fire,
Gray Hairs in Youth not kindling green Desire.
O no; that wicked Woman, wrought by thee,
My Tempter was to that forbidden *Tree*;
That subtil Serpent, that seducing Devil,
Which bad me tast the Fruit of Good and Evil;
That *Circe*, by whose soft Magick I was charm'd,
And to this monst'rous shape am thus transform'd;
That vip'rous *Hag*, the Foe to her own Kind,
That dev'lish Spirit, to damn the weaker Mind;
Our Frailtie's Plague, our Sex's only Curse,
Hell's deep'st Damnation, the worst Evils worse.
But *Henry*, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless Name, with *Henry*'s Name I found,
Cut in the Glass with *Henry*'s Diamond;

That Glaſs from thence fain would I take away,
But then I fear the Air would me betray;
Then doe I ſtrive to waſh it out with Tears,
But then the ſame more evident appears.
Then doe I cover't with my guilty Hand,
Which that Names witneſs doth againſt me ſtand:
Once did I ſin, which Memory doth cheriſh;
Once I offended, but I ever periſh.
"What Grief can be, but Time doth make it leſs?
"But Infamy, Time never can ſuppreſs.
Sometimes, to paſs the tedious irkſome Hours,
I climb the top of *Woodſtocks* mounting Towr's;
Where, in a Turret, ſecretly I lye,
To view from far ſuch as do travel by;
Whither (me-thinks) all caſt their Eyes at me,
As through the Stones my Shame did make them ſee;
And with ſuch Hate the harmleſs Walls do view,
As ev'n to Death their Eyes would me purſue.
The married Women curſe my hatefull Life,
Wronging ſo fair a Queen, and vertuous Wife;
The Maidens wiſh, I buried quick, may dye,
And from each place, near my abode, do fly.
* Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me;
* Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning ev'ry way,
Be like the courſe wherein my Youth did ſtray;
Only a Clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walk I circular in ſin.
As in the Gallery this other day,
I and my Woman paſt the time away,

'Mongſt

'Mongst many *Pictures*, which were hanging by,
The silly Girl at length hapt to espy
Lucrece's Image, and desires to know,
What she should be, her self that murther'd so?
Why, Girl (quoth I) this is that *Roman* Dame,
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My babling Tongue doth mine own Guilt betray;
With that I sent the prattling Wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty *Tongue* should hault,
My *Looks* might prove the *Index* to my Fault.
As that Life-bloud, which from the Heart is sent,
In Beauty's Field pitching her Crimson Tent,
In lovely *Sanguine* suites the Lilly Cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;
And changing oft its Station with Delight,
Converts the White to Red, the Red to White;
The Blush with Paleness for the place doth strive,
The Paleness thence the Blush would gladly drive:
Thus in my Breast a thousand Thoughts I carry,
Which in my Passion diversly do vary.
When as the *Sun* hies tow'rds the Western shade,
And the *Trees* shadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little *Current* near,
Which like a wanton Trail creeps here and there,
Where, with mine *Angle* casting in the *Bait*,
The little *Fishes* (dreading the deceit)
With fearfull nibbling fly th' inticing Gin,
By Nature taught what danger lyes therein,
Things Reasonless, thus warn'd by Nature be,
Yet I devour'd the Bait was lay'd for me;

Thinking thereon, and breaking into Grones,
The bubbling Spring, which trips upon the Stones,
Chides me away, left ſitting but too nigh,
I ſhould pollute that Native purity.
* *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame.
And to th' unchaſt this Name ſhall given be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriv'd from *Sin* and Me.
The *Clifford*'s take from me that Name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for ſo many years:
They blot my Birth with hatefull Baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my Alliance utterly refuſe,
Nor will a Strumpet ſhou'd their Name abuſe.
Here, in the Garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the Fountain ſtands,
With all her Nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance eſpy'd her:
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd Man, purſu'd
By his own Hounds; ſo, by my Thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe'er I fly.
Touching the Graſs, the Honey-dropping Dew,
Which falls in Tears before my limber ſhooe,
Upon my Foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this Ill?
Thus, to no Place in ſafety can I goe,
But every thing doth give me cauſe of Woe.
In that fair Casket, of ſuch wond'rous Coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the Night before mine Honour loſt,

Amimone

Amimone was wrought, a harmleſs Maid,
By *Neptune*, that adult'rous God, betray'd;
She proſtrate at his Feet, begging with Pray'rs,
Wringing her Hands, her Eyes ſwoln up with Tears:
This was not an intrapping Bait from thee,
But by thy Vertue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould ever keep my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
That *Joves* love *Jo* turn'd into a Cow;
Yet was ſhe kept with *Argus* hundred Eyes;
So wakefull ſtill be *Juno*'s Jealouſies:
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have clear'd my ſelf to thy ſuſpecting Queen,
Who with more hundred Eyes attendeth me,
Then had poor *Argus* ſingle Eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt *Jove*,
Into a Beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy Love;
Nay, worſer far (beyond their beaſtly kind)
A Monſter both in Body and in Mind.
The Waxen Taper which I burn by Night,
With the dull vap'ry dimneſs mocks my ſight,
As though the Damp which hinders the clear Flame,
Came from my Breath in that Night of my Shame;
When as it look'd with a dark *lowring Eye*,
To ſee the loſs of my *Virginity*.
And if a *Star* but by the Glaſs appear,
I ſtraight intreat it, not to look in here;
I am already hatefull to the *Light*,
And will it too betray me to the *Night*?

Then since my Shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me,
And let it justly to my charge be lay'd,
That I thy Person meant to have betray'd:
Thou shalt not need by Circumstance t' accuse me,
If I deny it, let the Heav'ns refuse me.
My Life's a Blemish, which doth cloud thy Name,
Take it away, and clear shall shine thy Fame:
Yield to my Sute, if ever Pity mov'd thee,
In this shew Mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Well knew'st thou what a Monster I would be.
When thou didst build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean *Labyrinth a Monster was inclosed, called a* Minotaure, *the History whereof is well known: but the Labyrinth was framed by* Dedalus, *with so many intricate Ways, that being entred, one could either hardly or never return, being in the manner of a Maze, save that it was larger, the Ways being walled in on every side, out of the which,* Theseus, *by* Ariadne's *help, (lending him a Clue of Thred) escaped. Some report, that it was a House, having one half beneath the ground, another above; the Chamber doors therein so deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open so many ways, that it was held a matter almost impossible to return.*

Some have held it to have been an Allegory of Mans Life: true it is, that the Comparison will hold; for what liker to a Labyrinth, then the Maze of Life, But it is affirmed by Anti-

quity,

quity, that there was indeed such a Building; though Dedalus being a name applied to the Workman's excellency, make it suspected: for Dedalus is nothing else but ingenious or Artificial. Hereupon it is used among the ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamond's *Labyrinth*, whose Ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square Stone in the bottom, and also her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did run (are yet remaining) was altogether under ground, being Vaults Arched and Walled with Brick and Stone, almost inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid eminent Peril, and if need be, by secret Issues take the Air abroad, many Furlongs round about Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosamond's *Labyrinth*.

Whose strange *Meanders* turning every way.

Meander is a River in Lycia, a Province of Natolia, or Asia minor, famous for the sinuosity and often turning thereof, rising from certain Hills in Meonia: Hereupon are metonymically Turnings, by a Transumptive and Metonymicall kind of speech, called Meanders; for this River did so strangely path it self, that the Foot seemed to touch the Head.

Rose of the World, so doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this Rose of the World was sumptuously interred, a certain Bishop, in the Visitation of his Diocese, caused the Monument which had been erected to her Honour, utterly to be demolished: but let that severe Chastisement of Rosamond, then dead, at this time also be passed over, lest she should seem to be the Shame of the World.

HENRY

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHen the *Expreſs* arriv'd at my ſad *Tent*,
And brought the *Letters Roſamond* had ſent,
Think from his *Lips* but what dear Comfort came,
When in mine *Ear* he ſoftly breath'd thy name:
Straight I injoyn'd him of thy Health to tell,
Longing to hear my *Roſamond* did well;
With new Enquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt Haſte, my *Tongue* oft trips,
Catching the *words* half ſpoke, out of his Lips.
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To looſe no time, whilſt I unripp'd the Seal.
The more I read, ſtill do I err the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before;
Miſſing the Point, the doubtfull Sence is broken,
Speaking again what I before had ſpoken.
Still in a Swoond, my Heart revives and faints,
'Twixt Hopes, Deſpairs, 'twixt Smiles and deep Complaints.
As theſe ſad Accents ſort in my Deſires,
Smooth Calms, rough Storms, ſharp Froſts, & raging Fires,

Put

Put on with Boldneſs, and put back with Fears,
For oft thy Troubles do extort my Tears.
O, how my Heart at that black Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper ſhould Thy Self reſemble;
Oh, were there *Paper* but near half ſo *white*!
The *Gods* thereon their ſacred *Laws* would write
With *Pens* of Angels Wings; and for their *Ink*,
That Heav'nly *Nectar*, their immortal Drink.
Majeſtick Courage ſtrives to have ſuppreſt
This fearfull *Paſſion*, ſtirr'd up in my Breaſt;
But ſtill in vain the ſame I go about,
My Heart muſt break within, or Woes break out.
* Am I at home purſu'd with private Hate,
And *War* comes raging to my Palace Gate?
Is meagre *Envy* ſtabbing at my Throne,
Treaſon attending when I walk alone?
* And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome*,
And ſtand condemned by a *Councils* Doom?
* And by the *pride* of my rebellious *Son*;
Rich *Normandy* with Armies over-run?
Fatal my *Birth*, unfortunate my *Life*,
* Unkind my *Children*, moſt unkind my *Wife*.
Grief, Cares, old Age, Suſpicion to torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me;
So many Woes, ſo many Plagues to find,
Sickneſs of Body, diſcontent of Mind;
Hopes left, Helps reft, Life wrong'd, Joy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken and afflicted.
Of all Relief hath *Fortune* quite bereft me?
Only my *Love* yet to my Comfort left me:

* And

" And is one *Beauty* thought so great a thing,
" To mitigate the Sorrows of a *King*?
Barr'd of that Choice the Vulgar often prove;
Have we, then they, less priviledge in Love!
Is it a King the wofull *Widow* hears?
Is it a King drys up the *Orphans* Tears?
Is it a King regards the *Clyents* Cry?
Gives Life to *him* by Law condemn'd to dye?
Is it his Care the *Common-wealth* that keeps,
As doth the *Nurse* her Babie whilst it sleeps?
And that poor *King* of all those Hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpittty'd, unlamented!
Yet let me be with Poverty oppress,
Of Earthly Blessings robb'd and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd rejected and revil'd,
And from my *Kingdom* let me live exil'd,
Let the Worlds Curse upon me still remain,
And let the last bring on the first again;
All Miseries that wretched Man may wound,
Leave for my Comfort only *Rosamond*.
For Thee, *swift Time* his speedy Course doth stay,
At thy Command, the *Destinies* obey,
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine *Eyes*,
And at thy *Feet* ev'n *Mercy* prostrate lyes.
If I were feeble, rheumatick, or cold,
These were true signs that I were waxed old:
But I can march all day in massie Steel,
Nor yet my *Arms* unwieldy weight do feel;
Nor wak'd by *night* with Bruise or bloudy Wound,
The *Tent* my Bed, no Pillow but the *Ground*:

For

For very Age had I lain Bedrid long,
One *Smile* of Thine, again could make me Young.
Were there in *Art* a Power but so divine,
As is in that sweet *Angel-Tongue* of Thine,
That great *Enchantress*, which once took such pains
To put young Bloud into old *Æson*'s Veins,
And in Groves, Mountain and the *Moorish* Fen,
Sought out more *Herbs* then had been known to Men,
And in the pow'rfull *Potion* that she makes,
Put *Bloud* of Men, of Birds, of Beasts and Snakes;
Never had needed to have gone so far,
To seek the *Soyles* where all those *Simples* are;
One *Accent* from thy Lips the *Bloud* more warms,
Then all her Philters, Exorcisms and Charms.
Thy *Presence* hath repaired in one day,
What many Years with Sorrows did decay,
And made fresh *Beauty* in her flower to spring,
Out of the wrinkles of *Times* ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry Winter-starved *Earth*,
When she by nature labours tow'rds her Birth,
Still as the *Day* upon the dark World creeps,
One *Blossom* forth after another peeps,
Till the same *Flower*, whose *Root* (at last) unbound,
Gets from the frosty Prison of the *Ground*,
Spreading the *Leaves* unto the pow'rfull noon,
Deck'd in fresh Colours, smiles upon the *Sun*,
Never unquiet Care lodg'd in that Breast,
Where but one Thought of *Rosamond* did rest;
Nor Thirst, nor Travel which on War attend,
Ere the long Day brought to desired end;

Nor

Nor yet pale *Fear* did, or lean *Famine* live,
Where hope of *Thee* did any Comfort give:
Ah, what Injuſtice then is this of *Thee*,
That thus the Guiltleſs do'ſt condemn for me?
When only ſhe (by means of my Offence)
Redeems thy Pureneſs and thy Innocence,
VVhen to our *Wills* perforce obey they muſt,
That's juſt in them, what e'er in us unjuſt,
Of what we do, not them account we make;
The Fault craves pardon for th' Offenders ſake:
" And what to work a *Prince's* VVill may merit,
" Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt *Spirit*.
If't be my *Name* that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my *ſelf* ſhall be mine own Names Friend:
If it be that, which Thou doſt only hate,
That Name, in my Name, laſtly hath his date;
Say 'tis accurſt and fatal, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engraven, raze it;
Say, that of all Names 'tis a Name of Woe,
Once a King's Name, but now it is not ſo:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee
And therefore (Sweet) why ſhould I now belive thee?
For ſhouldſt thou think, thoſe *Eyes* with Envy
Which paſſing by thee, gaze up to thy *Towre* (lowre,
But rather praiſe thine own, which be ſo clear,
VVhich from the *Turret* like two *Stars* appear:
Above, the *Sun* doth ſhine, beneath, thine *Eye*,
Mocking the *Heav'n*, to make another *Skye*.
The little *Stream* which by thy *Tow'r* doth glide,
VVhere oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary Ev'ning *Tide*,

To

To view thee well, his *Course* would gladly ſtay,
As loth from *thee* to part ſo ſoon away,
And with Salutes thy ſelf would gladly greet,
And offer ſome ſmall Drops up at thy Feet;
But finding, that the envious *Banks* reſtrain it,
T' excuſe it ſelf, doth in this ſort complain it,
And therefore this ſad bubling Murmur keeps,
And for thy want, within the Channel weeps.
And as thou do'ſt into the Water look,
The *Fiſh* which ſee thy ſhadow in the Brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine Eye.
And that ſweet *Name*, which thou ſo much do'ſt
In time ſhall be ſome famous *Poet*'s Song; (wrong
And with the very ſweetneſs of that Name,
Lyons and *Tygers* Men ſhall learn to tame.
The carefull *Mother*, at her penſive Breaſt,
With *Roſamond* ſhall bring her Babe to Reſt;
The little Birds (by Mens continual ſound)
Shall learn to ſpeak and prattle *Roſamond*:
And when in *April* they begin to ſing,
With *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the Spring;
And ſhe in whom all Rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.
The little Flowers dropping their honied Dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) do weep upon thy Shoe,
Not for thy Fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) do moan,
Only lament, that thou ſo ſoon art gone;
For if thy Foot touch *Hemlock* as it goes,
That *Hemlock*'s made much ſweeter then the *Roſe*.

Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray,
Speak not; of *Jo*, or *Amimone*,
VVhen she, for whom *Jove* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with Thee, had been a Tawny Trull:
He a white *Bull* and she a whiter *Cow*,
Yet he nor she ne'er half so white as Thou.
Long since thou know'st (my Dear) I've careful
To lodge thee safe free from my jealous Queen; (bee
The Labyrinths Conveyance guides thee so,
(* VVhich only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know)
Tho' she should watch thee with an hundred Eyes
I'll antidote her furious Mercuries,
And with an *Argus* Mind my *Phœnix* keep,
VVith Eyes that ne'er were overcome by sleep.
And those *Stars* which look in, but look to see,
(Wond'ring) what *Star* here on the Earth should be
As oft the *Moon* amidst the silent Night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly Light,
And by the Curtain help'd mine Eye to see
What envious night and darkness hid from me;
When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
And other Worlds might still enjoy the Day.
What should I say? words, tears and sighs be spent
And want of Time doth further Help prevent:
My *Camp* resounds with fearfull shocks of War,
Yet in my Breast more dang'rous Conflicts are;
Yet is my Signal to the Battels sound,
The blessed Name of beauteous *Rosamond*.
Accursed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath,
Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy Death,

For

For in one Smile, or Lowre from thy ſweet Eye,
Conſiſts my Life, my Hope, my Victory.
Sweet *Woodſtock*, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy King is bleſt:
For though in *France* a while my Body be,
My Heart remains (dear Paradiſe) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Am I at Home purſu'd with private Hate,
And War comes raging to my Palace Gate?

ROBERT *Earl of* Leiceſter, *who took part with young King* Henry, *entred into* England *with an Army of three thouſand* Flemings, *and ſpoiled the Countries of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *being ſuccoured by many of the King's private Enemies.*

And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome*?

King Henry *the Second, the firſt* Plantaginet, *accuſed for the Death of* Thomas Becket, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *ſlain in that Cathedral Church, was accurſed by Pope* Alexander, *although he urged ſufficient proof of his Innocency in the ſame, and offered to take upon him any Pennance, ſo he might avoid the Curſe and Interdiction of his Realm.*

And by the Pride of my rebellious Son,
Rich *Normandy* with Armies over-run.

Henry *the young King, whom King* Henry *had choſen to be*

Crowned in his Life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his Subjects, which indeed turned to his own Sorrow and the trouble of the Realm; for he rebelled against him, and raising a Power, by the means of Lewis *King of* France, *and* William *King of* Scots *(who took part with him) and invaded* Normandy.

Unkind my Children, most unkind Wife.

Never King more unfortunate then King Henry, *in the disobedience of his Children: First* Henry, *then* Geoffrey, *then* Richard, *then* John, *all at one time or other, first or last, unnaturally rebelled against him; then, the Jealousie of* Elinor *his Queen, who suspected his Love to* Rosamond: *Which grievous troubles, the Devout of those Times attributed to happen to him justly, for refusing to take on him the Government of* Jerusalem, *offered to him by the Patriarch there; which Country was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.*

Which only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know.

This Vaughan *was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loved, who kept the Palace at* Woodstock, *and much of the Kings Jewels and Treasure, to whom the King committed many of his Secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his Love unto his Charge.*

FINIS.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The ARGUMENT.

After King John *had assayed by all means possible to win the fair and chast* Matilda *to his unchast and unlawfull Bed, and by unjust Courses and false accusation, banish'd the Lord* Robert Fitzwater, *her Noble Father, and many other Allies, who justly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his fair and vertuous Daughter: This chast Lady still solicited by the lascivious King, flies unto* Dunmow *in* Essex, *where she becomes a Nun, the King (still persuing in his Suit) sollicites her by this Epistle, her Reply confirms her vow'd and invincible Chastity, making known to the King her pure unspotted Thoughts.*

WHen these my *Letters* thy bright Eyes shall view,
Think them not forc'd, or feign'd, or strange, or new;
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempted
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted,
All Rules, Regards, all secret Helps of *Art*,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart,
And in the old Worlds Ceremonies noted,
Good dayes for Love, Times, Hours & Minutes noted;

And where *Art* left, *Love* teacheth more to find,
By *ſigns* in preſence to expreſs the Mind.
Oft hath mine *Eye* told thine Eye, *Beauty* griev'd it.
And begg'd but for one Look, to have reliev'd it,
And ſtill with thine Eyes motion, mine Eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for Mercy, telling how it lov'd;
You bluſht, I bluſht; your Cheek pale, pale was mine,
My Red, thy Red, my Whiteneſs anſwer'd thine;
You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one Paſſion prove,
But thy ſigh is for Hate, my ſigh for Love:
If a word paſs'd, that inſufficient were,
To help that word, mine Eye let forth a Tear;
And if that *Tear* did dull or ſenſeleſs prove,
My *Heart* would fetch a *Throb*, to make it move.
Oft in thy Face, one Favour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that pleas'd my Fancy beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third, exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as Wonder were derived thence,
Then that, whoſe rareneſs paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling Eye,
Thy lovely Cheek (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me, thoſe are Shadows and Suppoſes,
But bids me thither come, and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy Brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if Wonders I will ſee:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled Chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy Lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the great'ſt I overſlip:

My gazing *Eye* on this and this doth ſeaſe,
Which ſurfeits, yet cannot Deſire appeaſe.
Now like I *Brown* (O lovely *Brown* thy Hair)
Only in *Browneſs* Beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I *Black*, think Eye-ball black as Jet,
Which in a Globe, pure Cryſtalline is ſet:
Then *White*; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Ivory pleaſe,
Then are thy *Teeth* whiter by much then theſe;
In Brown, in Black, in Pureneſs, and in White,
All Love, all Sweets, all Rareneſs, all Delight:
Thus my ſtol'n Heart (ſweet Thief) thou hence do'ſt carry,
And now thou fly'ſt into a Sanctuary.

Fie peeviſh Girl, ingratefull unto Nature;
Was it for this ſhe fram'd thee ſuch a Creature,
That thou her Glory ſhould'ſt encreaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorn Society?
Why *Heav'n* made *Beauty* like her ſelf to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a ſmoaky Mew:
A Roſie-tincted Feature is Heav'ns Gold,
Which all Men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begun,
So rare a *Beauty* ſhould not live a Nun;
But if this *Vow* thou needs wilt undertake,
Oh were mine *Armes* a *Cloyſter* for thy ſake:
Still may his Pains forever be augmented,
This Superſtition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this Cuſtome hither
That holy People might not live together.
A happy Time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liv'd with holy Men.

But *Kings* in this yet priviledg'd may be;
I'll be a *Monk*, ſo I may live with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the Morning's Knell,
When thy ſweet Lips might be the ſacring Bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe *Lips* might feaſt his Lips at laſt?
Who to his *Mattins* early would not riſe,
Might he but read by th' Light of thy fair *Eyes*?
On Worldly Pleaſures who would ever look,
That had thy Curls his Beads, thy Brows his Book?
Wert Thou the *Croſs*, to Thee who would not creep,
And wiſh, the *Croſs* ſtill in his Arms to keep?
Sweet Girl, I'll take this holy Habit on me,
Of meer Devotion that is come upon me;
Holy *Matilda*, Thou the *Saint* of mine,
I'll be thy Servant, and my *Bed* thy *Shrine*.
When I do offer, be thy *Breaſt* the *Altar*,
And when I pray, thy *Mouth* ſhall be my Pſalter.
The *Beads* that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet *Kiſſes*,
Which we will number, if one Pleaſure miſſes;
And when an *Ave* comes, to ſay *Amen*,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now all good Fortune give me happy Thrift,
As I ſhould joy t' *abſolve* thee after Shrift.
But ſee, how much I do my ſelf beguile,
And do miſtake thy meaning all this while:
Thou took'ſt this *Vow*, to equal my Deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt have me to be a *Frier*,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy *Siſter*, and a holy *Brother*,

Thou

Thou as a *Votreſs* to my Love alone,
" *She* is moſt chaſt, that's but enjoy'd of One.
Yea, now thy true *Devotion* do I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy Mind;
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill Example give,
And in a *Nun'ry* thus thou ſhouldſt not live.
Is't poſſible, the *Houſe* that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Venial Sin?)
When ſuch a *She-Prieſt* comes her Maſs to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh, they would their *Hearts* amend,
When we bear witneſs, that their *Eyes* offend;
All Creatures have Deſires, or elſe ſome lye,
Let them think ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not think our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe Religious *Cells* did firſt deviſe?
As *Hoſpitals* were for the Sore and Sick,
Theſe for the Crook'd, the Halt, the Stigmatick,
Leſt that their *Seed*, mark'd with Deformity,
Should be a Blemiſh to Poſterity.
Would Heav'n her *Beauty* ſhou'd be hid from ſight,
Ne'er would ſhe thus her ſelf adorn with Light;
With ſparkling *Lamps* nor would ſhe paint her *Throne*
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious *Sun* goes down,
Would ſhe put on her Star-beſtudded Crown,
And in her Masking Sute, the ſpangled Sky,
Come forth to Bride it in her Revelry;
And gave this Gift to all Things in Creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her Faſhion.

All Things that fair, that pure, that glorious been,
Offer themſelves of purpoſe to be ſeen.
In Sinks and Vaults the ugly *Toads* do dwell;
The Devils, ſince moſt ugly, they in Hell.
Our Mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her Fruit,
Till by the Sun clad in her Tinſel Sute;
Nor doth ſhe ever ſmile him in the Face,
Till in his glorious *Arms* he her imbrace:
Which proves ſhe hath a Soul, Senſe, and Delight,
Of *Generations* feeling Appetite.
Well *Hypocrite* (in Faith) wouldſt thou confeſs,
What e'er thy Tongue ſay, thy Heart ſaith no leſs.
Note but this One thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things *Male* and *Female* made,
Shewing her ſelf in our Proportion plain;
For never made ſhe any thing in vain:
For as thou art, ſhould any have been thus,
She would have left enſample unto us.
The *Turtle*, that's ſo true and chaſte in Love,
Shews by her *Mate* ſomething the Spirit doth move:
Th' *Arabian* Bird, that never is but one,
Is only *Chaſt*, becauſe she is alone:
But had our Mother *Nature* made them Two,
They would have done as *Doves* and *Sparrows* do;
And therefore made a *Martyr* in deſire,
To do her *Pennance* laſtly in the Fire:
So may they all be roaſted quick, that be
Apoſtata's to *Nature*, as is She.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, & ſought by him that now ſeeks thee)

But

But of thy Mind, and here I undertake
To build a *Nun'ry* for her only ſake.
Oh, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare Delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great *Princes* ſights!
To have their *Beauty* and their *Wits* admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your Sex deſir'd)
Attended by our Trains, our Pomp, our Port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court.
To be ſaluted with the cheerfull Cry
Of Highneſs, Grace, and ſoveraign Majeſty:
" But unto them that know not Pleaſures price,
" All's one, a Priſon, and a Paradiſe.
If in a *Dungeon* clos'd up from the Light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the *Day* and *Night*;
" Whoſe *Pallat* never taſted dainty *Cates*,
" Thinks homely *Diſhes* Princely Delicates.
Alas, poor *Girl*, I pitty thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liv'd diſconſolate;
Why now at length, yet let thy Heart relent,
And call thy *Father* back from Banishment;
And with thoſe Princely Honours here inveſt him,
Of which, fond Love, not Hate hath diſpoſſeſt him,
Call from *Exile* thy dear *Allies* and *Friends*,
To whom the Fury of my *Grief* extends,
And if thou take my Counſel in this Caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt have better Grace:
And leave thy *Dunmow*, that accurſed Cell,
There let black *Night* and *Melancholly* dwell;
Come to the *Court*, where all Joys ſhall receive thee,
And till that Hour, yet with my Grief I leave thee.

ANNO

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

THis Epiſtle of King John *to* Matilda, *is much more Poetical then Hiſtorical, making no mention at all of the Time, or State, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his Paſſions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the Humour of this King, as hath been truly noted by the moſt authentick Writers: whoſe nature and diſpoſition is truly diſcern'd in the courſe of his Love; firſt, jeſting at the Ceremonies of the Services of thoſe Times; then, going about by all ſtrong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to Pleaſures and Delights; next, with promiſes of Honour, which he thinketh to be the laſt and greateſt Means, and to have greateſt power in her Sex; with promiſe of calling home her Friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.*

MATILDA
TO
KING *JOHN.*

NO ſooner I receiv'd thy *Letters* here, (were,
Before I knew from *whom*, or whence they
But ſudden *fear* my bloudleſs *veins* doth fill,
As though divining of ſome future ill:

And

And in a shiv'ring extasie I stood,
A chilly *Coldness* ran through all my Blood;
Opening the *Packet*, I shut up my rest,
And let strange Cares into my quiet Breast,
As though thy hard unpittying *Hand* had sent me,
Some new devised *Torture* to torment me.
Well had I hop'd, I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud *Beauty* which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my Name been perished together:
" But Oh (I see) our hoped Good deceives us,
" But what we would forgoe, that seldom leaves us:
Thy blamefull *Lines* bespotted so with Sin,
Mine *Eyes* would cleanse, e'er they to read begin:
But I to wash an *Indian* go about,
For *Ill* so hard set on, is hard got out.
I once determin'd, still to have been mute,
Only by *Silence* to refell thy Sute:
But this again did alter mine intent,
For some will say, that *Silence* doth consent:
" Desire with small encouragement grows bold,
" And Hope of ev'ry little takes its hold.
I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now nor *Pen*, nor *Paper* can I find;
For still my *Passion* is so pow'rfull o'er me,
That I discern not things which lye before me:
Finding the *Pen*, the *Paper*, and the *Wax*,
These at command, and now *Invention* lacks;
This *Sentence* serves, and That my hand out-strikes;
That pleaseth well, and This as much misliks;

I write,

I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
I hope, deſpair, take courage, faint, diſdain,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, fearleſs, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint Hand writing, when my full Eye reads,
From ev'ry word ſtrange Paſſion ſtill proceeds.
" Oh, when the *Soul* is fetter'd once in Woe,
" 'Tis ſtrange what *Humors* it doth force us to!
A *Tear* doth drown a Tear, *Sigh*, Sigh doth ſmother
This hinders that, *that* interrupts the other:
The o'er watch'd weakneſs of the ſick Conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall *Beauty* ſeem ſo great;
Like things which hid in troubled Waters lye,
Which crook'd, ſeem ſtraight, if ſtraight, the contrary
And thus our vain *Imagination* ſhews it,
As it conceives it, not as *Judgment* knows it:
(As in a *Mirrour*, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likeneſs, juſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelf, it changeth there,
And ſhews you as you were not, not as you were;
And with your *Motion* doth your *ſhadow* move,
If Frown or Smile, ſuch the conceit of Love.
Why tell me, is it poſſible the Mind
A Form in all Deformity ſhould find?
Within the compaſs of *Man*'s Face we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſev'ral Favours be;
And in the Chin, the Noſe, the Brow, the Eye,
The ſmalleſt Diff'rence that you can deſcry,

Alters

Alters Proportion, altereth the Grace,
Nay, oft deſtroys the Favour of the *Face*:
And in the World, ſcarce Two ſo like there are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A judging *Sight* doth ſoon diſtinguiſh either.
How Woman-like a Weakneſs is it then?
Oh, what ſtrange Madneſs ſo poſſeſſeth Men!
Bereft of Senſe, ſuch ſenſeleſs Wonders ſeeing,
Without Form, Faſhion, Certainty or Being?
For which ſo many dye, to live in anguiſh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That Comfort yields not, and yet Hope denies not,
A Life that lives not, and a Death that dyes not;
That hates us moſt, when moſt it ſpeaks us fair,
Doth promiſe all Things, always pays with Air,
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt *Grief* appeaſe,
To double *Sorrow* after little Eaſe.
Like that which thy laſcivious *Will* doth crave,
Which if once had, thou ne'er more canſt have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd, if thou haſt it:
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'er the more haſt won,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that, if that a *King* deprave me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdom gave me.
* Do'ſt thou of *Father* and of *Friends* deprive me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that Heav'n did give me?
What Nature claims by Bloud, Allies, or Neerneſs,
Or Friendſhip challenge by regard or dearneſs?

Mak'ſt

Ma'kſt me an *Orphan* e'er my Father dye,
A wofull *Widow* in Virginity?
Is thy unbridled *Luſt* the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring *Tongue* bewails my Fall.
The dead Man's *Grave* with feigned *Tears* to fill,
So the devouring *Crocodile* doth kill;
To harbour *Hate*, in ſhew of wholeſome Things,
So in the *Roſe*, the poyſoned *Serpent* ſtings;
To lurk far off, yet lodge Deſtruction by,
The *Baſilisk* ſo poyſons with the Eye;
To call for Aid, and then to lye in wait,
So the *Hyena* Murthers by Deceit;
By ſweet Inticement, ſudden Death to bring,
So from the *Rocks* the alluring *Mermaids* ſing:
In greateſt *Wants* t'inflict the greateſt *Woe*,
Is ev'n the utmoſt *Tyranny* can do.
But where (I ſee) the *Tempeſt* thus prevails,
What uſe of *Anchors*, or what need of Sails?
Above us, bluſt'ring *Winds* and dreadfull *Thunder*,
The *Waters* gape for our Deſtruction under;
Here, on this ſide, the furious *Billows* flye, (lye
There *Rocks*, there Sands, and dang'rous *While-pools*
Is this the *mean* that *Mightineſs* approves?
And in this ſort doe *Princes* woe their *Loves*?
Mildneſs would better ſute with *Majeſty*,
Then raſh *Revenge* and rough *Severity*.
Oh, in what Safety *Temperance* doth reſt,
Obtaining Harbour in a Soveraign Breaſt!
Which, if ſo praiſefull in the meaneſt Men,
In pow'rfull *Kings* how glorious is it then?

* Fled

* Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine Innocence betray'd?
Is *Court* and *Countrey* both her Enemy,
And no place found to ſhrow'd in *Chaſtity*?
Each Houſe for *Luſt* a Harbour, and an Inn,
And ev'ry *City* a Receit for *Sin*?
And all do pity *Beauty* in diſtreſs;
If Beauty *chaſte*, then only pittileſs:
Thus is ſhe made the inſtrument to Ill,
And unreliev'd, may wander where ſhe will.
Laſcivious *Poets*, which abuſe the Truth,
Which oft teach *Age* to Sin, infecting Youth,
For the *unchaſt*, make *Trees* and *Stones* to mourn,
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes do turn:
Cinyra's Daughter, whoſe *inceſtuous* Mind,
Made her wrong *Nature*, and diſhonour *Kind*,
Long ſince by them is turn'd into a *Myrrhe*,
Whoſe dropping *Liquor* ever weeps for her;
And in a Fountain, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her Fault ſo vile and monſtrous before:
Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a *Bird* (if all be true they ſay.)
She that with *Phœbus* did the foul Offence,
Now *metamorphos'd* into *Frankincenſe*:
Others to Flowers, to Odours and to Gum;
At leaſt, *Jove*'s *Leman* is a Star become:
And more they feign a thouſand fond Excuſes,
To cloud their Scapes, and cover their Abuſes;
The *Virgin* only they obſcure and hide,
Whilſt the *Unchaſte* by them are *Deifi'd*,

And

And if by them a *Virgin* be expreſt,
She muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe Features utterly defac'd,
And all thoſe *Beauties* which ſat on my Brow,
Thou wouldſt not think ſuch eyes had been now;
And glad I am that time with me is done,
* Vowing my ſelf religiouſly a *Nun*:
My *Veſtal* Habit me contenting more,
Then all the *Robes* adorning me before.
Had *Roſamond* (a Recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloyſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that Beauty with a holy Vale,
Which ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She need not, like an ugly *Minotaur*,
Have been lock'd up from jealous *Elenor*,
But been as famous by thy *Mothers* Wrongs,
As by thy *Father* ſubject to all Tongues.
" To ſhadow Sin *Might* can the moſt pretend,
" Kings, but the Conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger *Hand* reſtrains our wilfull pow'rs,
A *Will* muſt rule above this *Will* of ours,
Not following what our Luſts do urge us to
But what for *Vertues* ſake, we (only) do.
And hath my *Father* choſe to live exil'd,
Before his Eyes ſhould ſee my Youth defil'd;
* And to withſtand a *Tyrant*'s lewd deſire,
Beheld his *Towns* ſpent in revengefull Fire:
Yet never touch'd with Grief; ſo only I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably dye?

And

And ſhall this Jewel, which ſo dearly coſt,
Be after all, by my Diſhonour loſt?
No, no, each rev'rend *Word* each holy *Tear*
Of his, in me too deep Impreſſion bear,
His lateſt *Farewell*, at his laſt depart,
More deeply is ingraved in my *Heart*;
Nor ſhall that Blot, by me, his Name ſhall have,
Bring his gray hairs with ſorrow to the Grave,
Better his *Tears* to fall upon my *Tomb*,
Than for my *Birth* to curſe my *Mothers* Womb.
* Though *Dunmow* give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.
If all remorſeleſs, no Tear-ſhedding Eye,
My Self will moan my Self, ſo live, ſo dye.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular Points of Hiſtory, more than the generality of the Argument layeth open: for after the Baniſhment of the Lord Robert Fitz-water, *and that* Matilda *was become a Recluſe at* Dunmow *(from whence this Reply is imagined to be written) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his Suit,* Matilda *with this chaſte and conſtant Denyall, hopes yet at length to find ſome comfortable Remedy, and to rid her ſelf of Doubts, by taking upon her this Monaſtick Habit: and to ſhew that ſhe ſtill beareth in mind his former Cruelty, bred by the impatience of his Luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her Fathers Baniſhment, & the lawleſs Exile of her Allies & Friends.*

Do'ſt thou of Father and of Friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her Distress; that flying thither, think-ing there to find Relief, she seeth her self most assailed, where she hoped to have found most Safety.

Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again, standing upon the precise Points of Conscience not to cast off this Habit she had taken.

Vowing my self religiously a Nun.

And at last laying open more particularly the Miseries sustained by her Father in England, *the Burning of his Castles and Houses which she proveth to be for her sake; as respecting only her Honour, more then his Native Country and his own Fortunes.*

And to withstand a Tyrant's lewd desire,
Beheld his Towns spent in revengefull Fire.

Knitting up her Epistle with a great and constant Resolution.

Though *Dunmow* give no Refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my Body Burial.

FINIS.

QUEEN *ISABEL* TO MORTIMER.

The ARGUMENT.

Queen Isabel, *Wife to* Edward *the Second (called* Edward Carnarvan*) and Daughter of* Philip de Beau, *King of* France; *being in the glory of her Youth forsaken by the King her Husband, who delighted only in the Company of* Pierce Gaveston, *his Minion and Favourite, drew into her especial Favour* Roger Mortimer *Lord of* Wigmore, *a Man of an invincible Spirit; who rising in Arms against the King with* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaster, *and the Barons; was taken e'er he could gather his Power; and by the King committed to the* Tower *of* London. *During his Imprisonment, he ordained a Feast in honour of his Birth-day, to which he invited Sir* Stephen Segrave, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the Officers; where, by means of a Drink prepared by the Queen, he cast them all into a heavy sleep, and with Ladders of Cords, being ready prepared for the purpose, he escapeth and flieth into* France, *whilst she sendeth this Epistle, complaining of her own Misfortune, and greatly rejoycing at his safe Escape.*

(from her

THough such sweet comfort comes not now
As *Englands* Queen hath sent to *Mortimer*:
Yet what that wants (may it my Power approve,
If Lines can bring) this shall supply with Love.

Me thinks *Affliction* ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume thoſe ſundry *ſhapes* of Woe;
But when I fain would find the *cauſe* of this,
Thy *abſence* ſhews me where my *Error* is.
Oft when I think of thy *departing* hence,
Sad *Sorrow* then poſſeſſeth ev'ry *Senſe*:
But finding thy dear *Blood* preſerv'd thereby,
And in thy *Life*, my long-wiſh'd *Liberty*,
With that ſweet *Thought* alone, my ſelf I pleaſe,
Amidſt my *Grief*, which ſometimes gives me eaſe:
Thus doe extreameſt *Ills* a Joy poſſeſs,
And one *Woe* makes another Woe ſeem leſs.
That bleſſed *Night* that mild-aſpected *Hour*,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the *Towre*,
Shall *conſecrated* evermore remain;
Some gentle *Planet* in that *Hour* did reign;
And ſhall be *happy* in the *Birth* of Men,
Which was chief *Lord* of the *Aſcendant* then.
* Oh how I fear'd, that ſleepy *Juyce* I ſent,
Might yet want *power* to further thine Intent!
Or that ſome unſeen *Myſtery* might lurk,
Which wanting order, kindly ſhould not work:
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poyſoned *Lees*,
Which clos'd the ever-waking *Dragons* Eyes;
Or I had had thoſe Senſe-bereaving Stalks,
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpine*'s dark Walks;
Or thoſe black Weeds on *Lethe* Banks below,
Or *Lunarie*, that doth on *Latmus* flow.
Oft did I fear this moiſt and foggy *Clime*,
Or that the *Earth* wax'd *barren* now with time,

Should

Should not have *Herbs* to help me in this caſe,
Such as do thrive on *India*'s parched Face.
That Morrow when the bleſſed *Sun* did riſe,
And ſhut the Lids of all *Heav'n*'s leſſer Eyes,
Forth from my *Palace*, by a ſecret *Stair*,
* I ſtole to *Thames* as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle *Floud*, as it doth glide,
If thou didſt paſs or periſh by the *Tide*?
If thou didſt *periſh*, I deſire the *Stream*,
To lay thee ſoftly on his Silver Team,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet *Shoar*,
That with his Tears thou might'ſt have ſome Tears
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher *Gale*: (more.
With that(methinks)the troubled *Waves* look pale,
And ſighing with that little Guſt that blows,
With this remembrance ſeem to knit their Brows.
Ev'n as this ſudden *Paſſion* doth affright me,
The chearfull *Sun* breaks from a *Cloud* to light me:
Then doth the *Bottom* evident appear,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there;
When as the *Water* flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeem to tell me, thou art ſafe on Land.
* Did *Bulloin* once a Feſtival prepare,
For *England Almain*, *Cicill* and *Navarre*?
When *France* thoſe Buildings envy'd (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the *Orgies* of my Bridall Feaſt,
That *Engliſh Edward* ſhould refuſe my Bed,
For that laſcivious ſhameleſs *Ganimed*?
* And in my place, upon his *Regal* Throne,
To ſet that *Girle-Boy*, wanton *Gaveſton*.

Betwixt the Feature of my Face and his,
My Glaſs aſſures me no ſuch diff'rence is,
* That a foul *Witches Baſtard* ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his *Love* then I.
What doth avail us to be Princes *Heirs*,
When we can boaſt, our *Birth* is only theirs?
When baſe diſſembling *Flatterers* ſhall deceive us
Of all that our great *Anceſtors* did leave us:
* And of our Princely *Jewels* and our *Dowres*,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours; (Crowns
When *Minions* Heads muſt wear our *Monarchs*
To raiſe up *Dunghils* with our famous *Towns*;
Thoſe *Beggars-Brats*, wrapt in our rich Perfumes,
Their *Buzzard-wings*, imp'd with our *Eagles Plumes*;
* And match'd with the brave *Iſſue* of our *Blood*,
Ally the *Kingdom* to their cravand Brood?
Did *Longſhanks* purchaſe with his conqu'ring
* *Albania*, *Gaſcoyne*, *Cambria*, *Ireland*? (Hand
That young *Carnarvan* (his unhappy Son)
* Should give away all that his *Father* won,
To back a *Stranger*, proudly bearing down
The brave *Allies* and *Branches* of the *Crown*?
* And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed give
This Charge to them who afterwards ſhould live,
That, that proud *Gaſcoyne* baniſhed the Land,
No more ſhould tread upon the *Engliſh* Sand?
And have theſe great *Lords* in the Quarrel ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt *Will* with their deareſt *Blood*;
* That after all this fearfull *Maſſacre*,
The Fall of *Beauchamp*, *Lacy*, *Lancaſter*,

Ano-

Another Faithleſs *Favourite* ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the *Sun* of our *Nobilities*?
* And gloried I in *Gaveſton*'s great Fall,
That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceed in all?
And that his *Aſhes* ſhould another breed,
Which in his *Place* and *Empire* ſhould ſucceed;
That wanting One, a Kingdoms Wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſte all that our *Father* won before,
Nor leave our *Son* a *Sword*, to conquer more?
Thus but in vain we fondly doe reliſt,
" Where *Pow'r* can doe (ev'n) all things as it liſt,
" And of our *Right*, with *Tyrants* to debate,
" Lendeth them *means* to weaken our *Eſtate*.
Whilſt *Parliaments* muſt remedy their Wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to us belongs;
Our *Wealth* but *Fuel* to their fond Exceſs,
And all our *Faſts* muſt feaſt their Wantonneſs.
Think'ſt thou our *Wrongs* then inſufficient are,
To move our *Brother* to religious War?
* And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detain
Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne* and *Aquitain*:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the *Truce*;
Thus all accurr to put back all excuſe.
The *Siſter*'s Wrong, joyn'd with the *Brother*'s Right,
Methinks, might urge him in this *cauſe* to fight.
Are all thoſe *People* ſenſeleſs of our Harms,
Which for our *Country* oft have manag'd Arms?
Is the brave *Normans* Courage quite forgot?
Have the bold *Britains* loſt the uſe of Shot?

The big-bon'd *Almans*, and ſtout *Brabanders*,
Their Warlike Pikes, and ſharp-edg'd Scymiters?
Or do the *Pickards* let their Croſs-bows lie,
Once like the Centaur's of old *Theſſaly*?
Or if a valiant Leader be their lack,
Where Thou art preſent, who ſhould beat them back?
I do conjure Thee, by what is moſt dear,
By that great Name of famous *Mortimer*,
* By ancient *Wigmore*'s honourable Creſt,
The Tombs where all thy famous Grandſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may Thee approve,
Ev'n by thoſe Vows of thy unfeigned Love;
In all thou canſt to ſtir the *Chriſtian King*,
By forreign *Arms* ſome Comfort yet to bring,
To curb the *Pow'r* of Traytors that rebell,
Againſt the Right of Princely *Iſabel*.
Vain witleſs Woman, why ſhould I deſire
To add more heat to thy Immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of Hate,
To ſhake the Pillars of thine own Eſtate,
When whatſoever we intend to doe,
Our moſt Misfortune ever forteth too;
And nothing elſe remains for us beſide,
But Tears and Coffins (onely) to provide?
* When ſtill, ſo long as *Burrough* bears that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerved ſhame;
And whilſt clear *Trent* her wonted courſe ſhall keep
For our ſad Fall ſhe evermore ſhall weep.
All ſee our Ruin on our Backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out, are grown.

Torl.

* *Torlton*, that ſhould our Buſineſs direct,
The general Foe doth vehemently ſuſpect:
" For dangerous Things get hardly to their End,
" Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My Griefs do ſtill renew,
And but begin, when I ſhould bid adieu,
Few be my *Words*, but manifold my *Woe*,
And ſtill I *ſtay*, the more I ſtrive to go.
Then till fair *Time* ſome greater *Good* affords,
Take my *Loves*-payment in theſe airey *Words*.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Oh, how I fear'd that ſleepy Juyce I ſent.
Might yet want power to further mine intent.

MOrtimer *being in the* Tower, *ordaining a Feaſt in honour of his Birth-day, as he pretended, inviting thereunto Sir* Stephen Seagrave, *Conſtable of the* Tower, *with the reſt of the Officers belonging to the ſame, he gave them a ſleepy Drink, provided by the Queen, by which means he made his Eſcape.*

I ſtole to *Thames*, as though to take the Air,
And ask'd the gentle Floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer *being got out of the* Tower, *ſwam the River of* Thames *into* Kent; *whereof ſhe having intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long Impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three years.*

Did

Did *Bulloyn* once a Festival prepare,
For *England*, *Almane*, *Cicill* and *Navarre*?

Edward Carnarvan *the first Prince of* Wales *of the* English *Blood, married* Isabel *Daughter of* Phillip *the Fair, of* Bulloine, *in the presence of the Kings of* Almain, Navarre *and* Cicill, *with the chief Nobility of* France *and* England; *Which Marriage was there solemnized with exceeding Pomp and Magnificence.*

And in my place upon his Regal Throne,
To set that Girl-boy wanton *Gaveston*.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonness of Gaveston, *the Kings Minion; his Behaviour and Attire ever so Womanlike, to please the Eye of his lascivious Master.*

That a foul Witches Bastard should thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, *that his Mother was convicted of Witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that* Pierce *had bewitched the King.*

And of our Princely Jewels and our Dowres,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.

A Complaint of the Prodigality of King Edward, *giving unto* Gaveston *the Jewels and Treasure which was left him by the ancient Kings of* England, *and enriching him with the goodly Mannor of* Wallingford, *assigned as parcel of the Dower to the Queen of this famous Isle.*

And

And match'd with the brave Iſſue of our Blood,
Allie the Kingdom to their cravand Brood.

Edward *the Second gave to* Pierce Gaveſton *in Marriage the Daughter of* Gilbert Clare *Earl of* Glouceſter; *begot of the Kings Siſter*, Joan *of* Acres, *married to the ſaid Earl of* Glouceſter.

Albania, Gaſcoign, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, *ſo called of* Albanact *the ſecond Son of* Brutus; *and* Cambria, Wales, *ſo called of* Camber *the third Son. The four Realms and Countries brought in ſubjection by* Edward Longſhanks.

Should give away all that his Father won,
To back a Stranger.

King Edward *offered his Right in* France *to* Charles *his Brother in law, and his Right in* Scotland *to* Robert Bruce, *to be ayded againſt the Barons in the Quarrel of* Pierce Gaveſton.

And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed give.

Edward Longſhankes *on his Death-bed at* Carlile, *commanded young* Edward *his Son on his Bleſſing, not to call back* Gaveſton, *who (for the miſguiding of the Princes Youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Council of the Land.*

That after all that fearfull Maſſacre,
The Fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter.*

Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter, Guy *Earl of* Warwick, *and* Henry

Henry *Earl of* Lincoln, *who had taken their Oath before the deceased King at his Death, to withstand his Son* Edward, *if he should call* Gaveston *from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now seeing* Edward *to violate his Fathers Commandment, rise in Arms against the King, which was the cause of the Civil War, and the Ruin of so many Princes.*

And gloried I in *Gaveston's* great Fall,
That now a *Spenser* should succeed in all?

The two Hugh Spensers, *the Father and the Son, after the Death of* Gaveston, *became the great Favourites of the King, the Son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the Father Earl of* Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detain
Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne* and *Aquitain*.

Edward Longshanks *did Homage for those Cities and Territories, to the* French *King*; *which* Edward *the second neglecting, moved the* French *King, by the subornation of* Mortimer, *to seize those Countries into his hands.*

By ancient *Wigmore's* honourable Creſt:

Wigmore *in the Marches of* Wales *was the ancient House of the* Mortimers, *that Noble and Courageous Family.*

When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* bears that name.

The Queen remembreth the great Overthrow given to the Barons by Andrew Herckley *Earl of* Carlile, *at* Burrough *Bridge, after the Battel at* Burton.

Torbam.

Torlton, that ſhould our Buſineſs direct.

This was Adam Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *that great Politician, who ſo highly favoured the Faction of the Queen and* Mortimer; *whoſe evil counſel afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.*

MORTIMER TO QUEEN *ISABEL.*

AS thy *Salutes* my *Sorrows* doe adjourn,
So back to *thee* their *int'reſt* I return;
Though not in ſo great *Bounty* (I confeſs)
As thy *Heroick* Princely *Lines* expreſs:
For how ſhould *Comfort* iſſue from the Breath
* Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for Death?
From *Murthers* Rage thou didſt me once repreive;
My *Hopes* in *Exile* now thou do'ſt revive:
* Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to live:
This double *life* of mine, your only due,
You gave to me; I give it back to you.

Ne'er

Ne'er my Escape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the Skie-attempting *Dedalus*;
And yet to give more safetie to my flight,
Did make a Night of Day, a Day of Night:
Nor had I backt the proud aspiring *Wall*,
Which held without my *Hopes*, within my *Fall*,
Leaving the *Cords* to tell where I had gone,
For Gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy *Beauty* (by a pow'r divine)
Breath'd a new *Life* into this Spirit of mine,
Drawn by the *Sun* of thy *celestial* Eyes,
With fiery *Wings*, which bare me through the Skies
The *Heav'ns* did seem the charge of me to take,
And *Sea* and *Land* befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stop'd his Tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so:
The hollow murm'ring *Winds* their due time kept
As they had rock'd the *World*, while all things slept
One *Billow* bare me, and *another* drave me;
This strove to help me, and *that* strove to save me;
The brisling *Reeds* mov'd with soft *Gales*, did
(chide me
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me
The pale-fac'd *Night* beheld thy heavie cheare,
And would not let one little *Star* appeare,
But over all, her smoaky Mantle hurl'd,
And in thick Vapours muffled up the World;
And the sad *Ayre* became so *calm* and still,
As it had been obedient to my will;

And every thing *dispos'd* it to my Rest,
As on the Seas when th' *Halcion* builds her Nest.
When those rough Waves, which late with Fury
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd (rush'd,
Nor *Neptune* let his *Surges* out so long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her Young.
* Ne'r let the *Spensers* glorie in my Chance,
In that I live an Exile here in *France*;
That I from *England* banished should be,
But *England* rather banished from me:
More were her want, *France* our great Bloud should bear,
Then *Englands* loss can be to *Mortimer*.
* My Grandsire was the first, since *Arthurs* raign,
That the Round-Table rectifi'd again:
To whose great Court at *Kenelworth* did come,
The peereless Knighthood of all *Christendom*;
Whose Princely Order honour'd *England* more,
Than all the Conquests she atchiev'd before.
Never durst *Scot* set foot on *English* Ground,
Nor on his Back did *English* bear a Wound,
Whilst *Wigmore* flourish'd in our Princely Hopes,
And whilst our Ensigns march'd with *Edwards* (Troops:
* Whilst famous *Longshanks* Bones (in Fortunes (scorn)
As sacred Reliques to the Field were born:
Nor ever did the valiant *English* doubt,
Whilst our brave *Battels* guarded them about;
Nor did our *Wives* and wofull *Mothers* mourn
* The *English* Bloud that stained *Banocksbourn*;

Whilst

Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,
Whole Days and Nights in Banquetting were ſpent,
Until the *Scots* (which under ſafeguard ſtood)
Made laviſh Havock of the *Engliſh* Blood:
Whoſe batt'red *Helms* lay ſcatt'red on the Shore,
Where they in *Conqueſt* had been born before,
A thouſand *Kingdoms* will we ſeek from far,
As many *Nations* waſte with *Civil War*,
Where the diſhevell'd gaſtly *Sea-Nymph* ſings,
Or well-rig'd *Ships* ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling Wings,
And drag their *Anchors* through the ſandy Fome,
About the *World* in ev'ry *Clime* to rome,
And thoſe unchriſt'ned *Countries* call our own:
Where ſcarce the Name of *England* hath been known
* And in the dead *Sea* ſink our Houſes Fame,
From whoſe vaſt Depth we firſt deriv'd our Name:
Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e'er ſtoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn ſtern-viſag'd *Fury* back,
To ſeek his *Spoyl*, who ſought our utter Sack;
And come to beard him in our Native *Iſle*,
E'er he march forth to follow our *Exile*:
And after all theſe boyſt'rous ſtormy Shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulky *Rocks*.
Nor will we ſteal like *Pyrats*, or like *Thieves*
From Mountains, Forreſts, or Sea-bord'ring *Cliffs*;
But fright the *Air* with Terror (when we come)
Of the ſtern Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum:
And in the Field advance our plumey *Creſt*,
And march upon fair *Englands* flowry Breaſt.

And *Thames*, which once we for our Life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy Treſſes on his Brim,
Shall bear my *Navy*, vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the pow'rfull Tide:
Which fertile *Eſſex*, and fair *Kent* ſhall ſee,
Spreading her Flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming *Poop* ſhe proudly bears
The famous Enſigns of the *Belgick* Peers.
And for that hateſull Sacrilegious Sin,
Which by the *Pope* he ſtands accurſed in,
The Cannon Text ſhall have a common Gloſs,
Receipts in Parcels, ſhall be paid in Groſs:
This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth take*,
At leaſt ſhall treble Reſtitution make.
For which, *Rome* ſends her Curſes out from far,
Through the ſtern Throat of Terror-breathing War;
Till to th' unpeopl'd Shores ſhe brings Supplys,
* Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.
And for his Homage, by the which of old,
Proud *Edward Guyne* and *Aquitan* doth hold,
* *Charles* by invaſive Arms again ſhall take,
And ſend the *Engliſh* Forces o'er the Lake.
When *Edward*'s Fortune ſtands upon this Chance,
To loſe in *England*, or to forfeit *France*:
And all thoſe Towns great *Longſhanks* left his *Son*,
Now loſt, which one he fortunately won,
Within their ſtrong Port-culliz'd Ports ſhal lye,
And from their Walls his *Sieges* ſhall defie:
And by that firm and undiſſolved Knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring *French* and bord'ring *Scot*.

Bruce ſhall bring on his *Red-ſhanks* from the Seas,
From th' Iſled *Orcads*, and the *Eubiaes*,
And to his Weſtern Havens give free paſs,
To land the *Kern* and *Iriſh Galiglaſs*,
Marching from *Tweed* to ſwelling *Humber* Sands,
Waſting along the Northern Nether-Lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his Power ſuſtain,
Conſum'd with Slaughter in his Bloody Reign,
Our Warlike *Sword* ſhall drive him from his *Throne*,
Where he ſhall lye for us to tread upon.
* And thoſe great *Lords*, now after their *Attaints*,
Canonized amongſt the *Engliſh* Saints,
And by the ſuperſtitious People thought,
That by their Reliques, Miracles are wrought:
And think that Bloud much vertue doth retain,
Which took the Bloud of famous *Bohun* ſlain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the People more abhor their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer* (be he ne'er ſo great)
Poſſeſs our *Wigmore*, our renowned Seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
With our deſerts their Monuments to grace:
Nor ſhall he lead our valiant *Marchers* forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the *North*;
Nor be the Guardants of the *Britiſh* Pales,
Defending *England* and preſerving *Wales*.
At firſt our Troubles eaſily recall'd,
But now grown head-ſtrong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counſel needs us to direct,
" Where not (ev'n) plaineſs frees us from ſuſpect,

By

By thoſe Miſhaps our Errors that attend,
Let us our Faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (Dear) repreſs all peremptory Spleen,
Be more than Woman, as you are a Queen:
Smother thoſe Sparks which quickly elſe would
Till Time produce what now it doth adjourn. (burn
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)
Live you in reſt, nor pity my Exile.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for Death.

ROger Mortimer, *Lord of* Wigmore, *had ſtood publickly condemned, for his Inſurrection with* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter *and* Bohun *Earl of* Hereford, *the ſpace of three Months: and as report went, the day of his Execution was determined to have been ſhortly, which he prevented by his eſcape.*

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give.

At what time the two Mortimers, *this* Roger *Lord of* Wigmore *and his Uncle* Roger Mortimer *the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the Queen, by means of* Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *and* Beck *Biſhop of* Dureſme, *and Patriarch of* Jeruſalem, *being then both mighty in the State, upon the ſubmiſſion of the* Mortimers, *ſomewhat pacified the King, and now ſecondly ſhe wrought means for his eſcape.*

Leaving the Cords, to tell where I had gone.

With ſtrong Ladders made of Cords, provided him for the

purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; *which when the ſame were found faſtened to the Walls, in ſuch a deſperate Attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment in the Beholders.*

Ne'er let the *Spencers* glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spencers, *the Father and the Son, then being ſo highly favour'd of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his Exile, whoſe high and turbulent Spirit could never brook any Corrival in Greatneſs.*

My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthur*'s Reign,
That the Round Table rectified again.

Roger Mortimer, *called the great Lord* Mortimer, *Grandfather to this* Roger, *which was afterward the firſt Earl of* March, *erected again the Round Table at* Kenelworth, *after the antient Order of King* Arthurs *Table, with the Retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his Houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch Adventurers as came thither from all parts of* Chriſtendome.

Whilſt famous *Longſhank*'s Bones (in Fortunes ſcorn)

Edward Longſhanks *willed at his Death, that his Body ſhould be boyled, the Fleſh from the Bones, and that the Bones ſhould be born to the Wars in* Scotland, *which he was perſwaded unto by a Prophecy, which told, That the* Engliſh *ſhould ſtill be fortunate in Conqueſt, ſo long as his Bones were carried in the Feild.*

The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtained *Banocksbourn.*

In the great Voyage Edward *the Second made againſt the* Scots, *at the Battel at* Striveling, *near unto the River of* Banocksbourn

nocksbourn *in* Scotland, *there was in the* Engliſh *Camp ſuch Banquetting and Exceſs, ſuch Riot and Diſorder, that the* Scots *(who in the mean time laboured for Advantage) gave to the* Engliſh *a great Overthrow.*

And in the Dead-Sea ſink our Houſes Fame.
From whoſe, &c.

Mortimer, *ſo called of* Mare Mortuum, *and in* French, Mortimer, *in* Engliſh, *the* Dead-Sea, *which is ſaid to be where* Sodom *and* Gomorrha *once were, before they were deſtroyed with fire from Heaven.*

And for that hatefull Sacrilegious Sin,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.

Gauſtellinus *and* Lucas, *two Cardinals, ſent into* England *from Pope* Clement, *to appeaſe the antient Hate between the King and* Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter; *to whoſe Embaſſy the King ſeemed to yield, but after their Departure he went back from his Promiſes, for the which he was accurſed at* Rome.

Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.

A Colony is a ſort or number of People, that come to inhabit a Place before not inhabited; whereby he ſeems here to propheſie of the ſubverſion of the Land, the Pope joyning with the Power of other Princes againſt Edward, *for the breach of his Promiſe.*

Charles by invaſive Arms again ſhall take.

Charles *the* French *King, moved by the Wrong done unto his Siſter, ſeizeth the Provinces which belonged to the King of* England *into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by* Mortimer,

who ſollicited her cauſe in France, *as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the Gloſs upon this Point.*

And thoſe great Lords now after their Attaints,
Cannoniz'd among the *Engliſh* Saints.

After the death of Thomas *Earl of* Lancaſter *at* Pomfret, *the People imagined great Miracles to be done by his Relicks; as they did of the Body of* Bohun, *Earl of* Hereford, *ſlain at* Burrough *Bridge.*

FINIS.

EDWARD
The Black PRINCE
TO
ALICE Counteſs of *Salisbury.*

The ARGUMENT.

Alice *Counteſs of* Salisbury, *remaining at* Roxborough *Caſtle in the* North, *in the abſence of the Earl her Husband, who was by the King's command ſent over into* Flanders, *and there deceaſed e'er his return: This Lady being beſieged in her Caſtle by the* Scots, Edward *the Black Prince being ſent by the King his Father to relieve the* North *Parts with an Army, and to remove the Siege of* Roxborough, *there fell in Love with the Counteſs, when after ſhe return'd to* London *he ſought by divers and ſundry means to win her to his youthfull Pleaſures, as by forcing the Earl of* Kent *her Father, and her Mother unnaturally to become his Agents in his vain deſires; where after a long and aſſured tryal of her invincible Conſtancy he taketh her to his VVife, to which end he only frameth this Epiſtle.*

REceive theſe *Papers* from thy wofull Lord,
With far more *Woes* than they with *Words* (are ſtor'd,
Which if thine Eye for raſhneſs do reprove,
They'll ſay they came from that imperious Love.

In ev'ry Line well may'ſt thou underſtand,
Which Love hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand,
And where to farther proceſs he refers,
In Blots ſet down to thee for Characters,
This cannot bl ſh, although you do refuſe it,
Nor will reply, however you ſhall uſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid Deſpair,
This ſtill entreats you, this ſtill ſpeaks you fair.
Haſt thou a living Soul, a humane Senſe,
To like, diſlike, prove, order and diſpence?
The depth of Reaſon, ſoundly to adviſe,
To love things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe?
The touch of Judgement, which ſhould all things
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my Love? (prove
Sound moves a Sound, Voice doth beget a Voice,
One Eccho makes another to rejoyce;
One well-tun'd String ſet truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our Affections jar?
What Oppoſition doth beget this War?
I know, that Nature frankly to thee gave
That meaſure of her Bounty that I have;
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For ev'ry Senſe a ſeveral Inſtrument:
But ev'ry one, becauſe it is thine own,
Doth prize it ſelf, unto it ſelf alone.
Thy dainty hand when it it ſelf doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy Glaſs thine Eye it ſelf doth ſee,
That thinks there's none like to it ſelf can be;

And ev'ry one doth judge it self divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine:
And each it self *Narcissus*-like doth smother,
Loving it self, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine own desire,
'Tis needless Beauty should it self admire:
" The Sun, by which all Creatures light'ned be,
" And seeth all, it self yet cannot see;
" And his own Brightness his own foil is made,
" And is to us the cause of his own shade.
When first thy Beauty by mine Eye was prov'd,
It saw not then so much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each Look of one, doth many Beauties make:
In little Circles first it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine Eyes;
And in this circling Compass as it goes,
So more and more the fame in Greatness grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The Motion still doth other Forms beget;
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but Beauty to behold.
Art thou offended, that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd;
Indent with *Beauty* how far to extend,
Set down *Desire* a Limit where to end;
Then charm thine *Eyes*, that they no more may wound
And limit *Love* to keep within a Bound.
If this thou do'st, then shalt thou doe much more,
And bring to pass what never was before;

Make

Make *Anguiſh* ſportive, craving all Delight,
Mirth ſolemn, ſullen, and inclin'd to Night,
Ambition lowly, *envy* ſpeaking well,
Love, his Relief, for *Niggardize* to ſell.
Our Warlike Fathers did theſe Forts deviſe,
As ſureſt Holds againſt our Enemies,
Places wherein your Sex might ſafelieſt reſt.
" Fear ſoon is ſetled in a Womans Breaſt:
Thy Breaſt is of another temper far,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the War;
Thou do'ſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy Breaſt:
That keeps out Foes, but doth thy Friends incloſe,
But ah thy Breaſt keeps out both Friends and Foes!
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by ſtraight Siege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy hard Heart's invincible to all,
And more obdurate then thy Caſtle Wall.
Of all the ſhapes that ever *Jove* did prove,
Wherewith he uſ'd to entertain his Love,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden Showre,
He rain'd himſelf on *Danae* in her Towre;
Nor did I ever envy his command,
In that he bears the Thunder in his Hand:
But in that ſhowry ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her; I come to thee.
Thy Tow'r with Foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One Hair of thine, more vigour doth retain,
To bind thy Foe, then any Iron Chain:

Who

Who might be giv'n in such a golden String,
Would not be captive, though he were a King.
Hadst thou all *India* heap'd up in thy Fort,
And thou thy self besieged in that sort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee espye,
They'll follow thee, and let the Treasure lye.
I cannot think what force thy Tower should win,
If thou thy self do'st guard the same within;
Thine Eye retains *Artillery* at will,
To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds Mens Hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thousand Darts;
For there intrenched, little *Cupid* lyes,
And from those Turrets all the World defies:
* And when thou let'st down that transparent Lid,
Of Entrance, there an Army doth forbid.
And as for *Famine*, her thou need'st not fear,
Who thinks of Want, when thou art present there?
Thy onely *sight* puts Spirit into the Blood,
And comforts Life, without the taste of Food.
And as thy Souldiers keep their Watch and Ward,
Thy *Chastity* thy inward Breast doth guard:
Thy modest *Pulse* serves as a Larum Bell,
Which watched by some wakefull *Sentinell*,
Is stirring still with every little Fear,
Warning, if any Enemy be near.
Thy vertuous *Thoughts*, when all the others rest,
Like carefull Scouts pass up and down thy Breast,
And still they round about that place do keep,
Whilst all the blessed Garrison do sleep.

But

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt rob'd, and fly'ſt into this Hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this Fort deviſe,
That thou in ſafety here might'ſt tyranize.
Yes, thou haſt robb'd the Heaven and Earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſs Theft do call.
Thine *Eyes*, with mine that wage continual Wars,
Borrow their brightneſs of the twinkling Stars:
Thy *Lips*, from mine that in thy Mask be pent,
Have filch'd the Bluſhing from the *Orient*:
Thy *Cheek*, for which mine all this Pennance proves,
Steals the pure whiteneſs both from Swans & Doves:
Thy *Breath*, for which, mine ſtill in Sighs conſumes,
Hath robb'd all Flowers, all Odours and Perfumes.
O mighty Love! bring hither all thy Pow'r,
And fetch this Heav'nly Thief out of her Tow'r;
For if ſhe may be ſuff'red in this ſort,
Heavens ſtore will ſoon be hoarded in this Fort.
When I arriv'd before that State of Love,
And ſaw thee on that Battlement above,
I thought there was no other Heaven but there,
And thou an Angel, didſt from thence appear:
But when my Reaſon did reprove mine Eye,
That thou wert ſubject to Mortality,
I then excus'd what the bold *Scot* had done;
No marvel that he would the Fort have won,
Perceiving well, thoſe envious Walls did hide
More wealth then was in all the World beſide:
Againſt thy Foe, I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee, my ſelf I have betray'd.

He

He is besieg'd, the Siege that came to raise,
There's no Assault that not my Breast assays.
" Love grown extream, doth find unlawfull Shifts,
" The Gods take shapes, and do allure with Gifts:
" Commanding *Jove*, that by great *Styx* doth swear
" Forsworn in Love, with Lovers Oaths doth bear;
" Love causeles still, doth aggravate his cause,
" It is his Law, to violate all Laws;
" His Reason is, in only wanting Reason,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with Treason;
" Unlawfull Means, doth make his lawfull Gain,
" He speaks most true, when he the most doth fain.
Pardon the Faults that have escap'd by Me,
Against fair Vertue, Chastity and Thee:
" If Gods can their own Excellence excell,
" It is in pard'ning Mortals, that rebell.
When all thy *Trials* are enroll'd by *Fame*,
And all thy *Sex* made glorious by thy *Name*,
Then I a Captive shall be brought hereby,
T' adorn the Triumph of thy *Chastity*.
I sue not now thy Paramour to be,
But as a Husband to be link'd to thee:
I'm *England*'s Heir, I think thou wilt confess,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no less;
But that thy Birth doth make thy Stock divine,
Else durst I boast my Bloud as good as thine:
Disdain me not, nor take my Love in scorn,
Whose Brow a Crown hereafter may adorn.
But what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, restore;

Onely

Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
In faithfull Love all happily may end.
Farewell, ſweet Lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equal Joy with meaſure of my Care:
Thy Vertues more then mortal Tongue can tell;
A thouſand-thouſand times, Farewell, Farewell.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Receive theſe Papers from thy wofull Lord.

BAndello, *by whom this Hiſtory was made famous, being an* Italian, *as it is the Peoples cuſtome in that Clime, rather to fail ſometimes in the truth of Circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of their Conceit: in like manner as the* Grecians; *of whom the Satyriſt,*

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in Hiſtoria.

Thinking it to be a greater Triall, that a Counteſs ſhould be ſued unto by a King, then by the ſon of a King; and conſequently, that the honour of her Chaſtitie ſhould be the more, hath cauſed it to be generally taken ſo: but as by Polydore, Fabian, *and* Froiſard *appears, the contrary is true. Yet may* Bandello *be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our Hiſtory, are not ſo materiall, that they ſhould need an Invective, leſt his Wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſs, were every part a Fiction. However, leſt a common*

a common error ſhould prevail againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceived in thoſe Perſons, who were indeed the Actors: To wit, Edward, *ſirnamed the* Black Prince, *not ſo much of his Complexion, as of the diſmall Battels which he fought in* France, *(in like Senſe as we may ſay,* A black Day, *for ſome Tragicall event, though the Sun ſhine never ſo bright therein.) And* Alice *the Counteſs of* Salisbury, *who, as it is certain, was beloved of Prince* Edward, *ſo it is certain, that many Points now currant in the received Story, can never hold together with likelyhood of ſuch inforcement, had it not been ſhaded under the Title of a King.*

And when thou let'ſt down that tranſparent Lid.

Not that the Lid is tranſparent; for no part of the Skin is tranſparent: but for that the Gem which that Cloſure is ſaid to contain, is tranſparent: for otherwiſe, how could the Mind underſtand by the Eye? Should not the Images ſlide thorow the ſame, and repleniſh the Stage of the Fancy? But this belongs to Opticks. *The* Latines *call the Eye-lid* Cilium *(I will not ſay of* Celando) *as the Eye-brow* Supercilium, *and the Hair on the Eye-lids* Palpebra, *perhaps* quòd Palpitet, *all which have their diſtinct and neceſſary uſes.*

ALICE

ALICE

Counteſs of *SALISBURY*

TO THE

BLACK PRINCE.

AS One that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
'Twixt Hope and Fear I doubtfully reply,
A Womans Weakneſs, leſt I ſhould diſcover,
Anſwering a Prince and writing to a Lover:
And ſome ſay, Love with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And our plain words wreſts to another ſenſe.
Think you not then, poor Women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what Men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to move away,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
" Whilſt in our Hearts our ſecret Thoughts abide,
" Th' invenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is ty'd;
" But if once ſpoke, deliver'd up to *Fame*,
" In her Report that often is to blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:

When

When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then methinks I ſhould have more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my Breaſt,
For want of Words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee, I feign
Then in thy Perſon I reply again:
And in thy Cauſe urge all that may effect;
Then, what again mine Honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry Paſſions doe I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to prove,
The greater reaſon to obtain your Love.
That Greatneſs which doth challenge no denyal,
The only Teſt that doth allow my Tryal;
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my Offence in this were capitall.
" To Men is granted priviledge to tempt,
" But in that Charter, Women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give conſent,
" Againſt our ſelves unleſs that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?
" You prove not falſe, except we be untrue;
" It is your vertue, being Men, to try,
" And it is ours, by Vertue to deny.
" Your Faults it ſelf ſerves for the Faults excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" *Beauty* a Beggar, fie it is too bad,
" When in it ſelf ſufficiency is had;
" Not made a *Lure*, t' intice the *wand'ring Eye*,
" But an *Attire* t' adorn our *Modeſty*:

" If *Modesty* and *Women* once do sever,
" We may bid farewell to our *Fame* for ever.
Let *John* and *Henry*, *Edward*'s instance be,
Matilda and fair *Rosamond* for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
Th' one by the Father, th' other by the Son:
Henry obtaining, did our Weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton *Rosamond*;
Matilda chast, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on *John*:
" By these, we prove Men accessary still,
" But Women only Principals of Ill.
" What Praise is ours, but what our Vertues get?
" If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
" Whilst our own Honours we our selves defend,
" All force too weak, whatever Men pretend:
" If all the World else should subborn our fame,
" 'Tis we our selves that overthrow the same;
" And howsoe'r, although by force you win,
" Yet on our Weakness still returns the sin.
A vertuous Prince, who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guilty of your Fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me dye,
Then such a Sin upon my Soul should lye.
Where is great *Edward*? Whither is he led,
At whose victorious Name whole Armies fled?
Is that brave Spirit, that conquer'd so in *France*,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a Glance?
Is that great Heart, that did aspire so high,
So soon transt-pierced with a Womans Eye?

He

He that a King at *Poictiers* Battel took,
Himſelf led Captive with a wanton Look?
* Twice as a Bride to Church I have been led,
Twice have two Lords enjoy'd my Bridal Bed:
How can that Beauty yet be undeſtroy'd,
That years have waſted, and two Men enjoy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which, two Subjects were poſſeſt before?
Let *Spain*, let *France*, or *Scotland* ſo prefer
Their Infant Queens, for *Englands* Dowager;
That Bloud ſhould be much more then half divine,
That ſhould be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life ſo dearly do I love you.
My noble Husband, who ſo loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend *Mountague*,
Ne'r Mothers voyce did pleaſe her Babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell:
I have made ſhort the Hours, that Time made long,
And chain'd mine Ears to his moſt pleaſing Tongue;
My Lips have waited on your Praiſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words, e'er he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay:
I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.
Oft he would ſay, How ſweet a Prince is he!
When I have prais'd him, but for praiſing thee,
And to proceed, I would intreat and woe,
And yet to eaſe him, help to praiſe thee too.

And must she now exclaim against the wrong,
Off'red by him whom she hath lov'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
Edward will blush, when he his Fault shall hear.
Judge now that Time doth Youths desire assuage,
And Reason mildly quench the fire of Rage;
By upright Justice let my Cause be try'd,
And be thou judge, if I not justly chide.
* That not my Father's grave and reverend years,
When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Tears,
By no perswasions possibly could win,
To free himself, from prompting me to Sin,
The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
Whose sute (but you) there's none would have de-
Your lustfull Rage, your Tyranny could stay, (ny'd,
Mine Honours Ruin further to delay.
Have I not lov'd you? let the Truth be shown,
That still preserv'd your Honour with mine own.
Had your fond Will your foul Desires prevail'd,
When you by them my Chastity assail'd;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my Fault,
" True vertue never yielded to Assault:)
Besides the Ill of you that had been said,
My Parents Sin had to your charge been laid;
* And I have gain'd my Liberty with shame,
To save my Life, made Shipwrack of my Name.
Did *Roxborough* once vail her tow'ring Fanes?
To thy brave Ensigns, on the Northern Plains?
And to thy Trumpets, sounding from thy Tent,
Mine oft again thee hearty Welcome sent,

And

And did receive thee as my Soveraign Liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to beſiege,
To raiſe a Foe, that but for Treaſure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honeſt Name;
Under pretence to have romov'd the *Scot*,
And would'ſt have won more then he could have (got
That did ingirt me, ready ſtill to flye,
But thou lay'dſt Batt'ry to my Chaſtity:
O Modeſty, didſt thou me not reſtrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vain!
A Princes Name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have thoſe Honours *Edward*'s Spouſe ſhould have,
Nor by Ambitious Lures will I be brought,
In my chaſt Breaſt to harbour ſuch a Thought,
As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
A Piece unfit for Princely *Edward*'s ſide;
Of all, the moſt unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould enjoy that place
But if that Love, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equal his Vertues, and my chaſt deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may juſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady grant;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſs my Wrong,
That from your vain unbridled Youth hath ſprung;
That Faith I ſend, which I from you receive:
* The reſt unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Twice as a Bride I have to Church been led.

THE two Husbands of which she makes mention, objecting Bigamy against her self, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batchelour-Prince, were Sir Thomas Holland *Knight, and Sir* William Mountague, *afterward made Earl of* Salisbury.

That not my Fathers grave and rev'rend years.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so unjust, to use the Fathers means for the corruption of the Daughters Chastity, though so the History importeth; her Father being so honourable and a Man of so singular desert: though Polydore *would have her thought to be* Jane, *the Daughter to* Edmund, *Earl of* Kent, *Uncle to* Edward *the third, beheaded in the Protectorship of* Mortimer, *that dangerous Aspirer.*

And I have gain'd my Liberty with shame.

Roxborough *is a Castle in the North, mis-termed by* Bandello, Salisbury *Castle, because the King had given it to the Earl of* Salisbury: *in which, her Lord being absent, the Countess by the* Scots *was besieged; who, by the coming of the* English *Army, were removed. Here first the Prince saw her, whose Liberty had been gained by her shame, had she been drawn by dishoneſt Love to satisfie his Appetite: but by her most praise-worthy Constancy, she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired Vertues.*

The

The rest unto your Princely Thoughts I leave.

Left any thing be left out which were worth the Relation, it shall not be impertinent, to annex the Opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose Name is said to have been Elips: *but that being rejected, as a Name unknown among us,* Froisard *is rather believed, who calleth her* Alice. Polydore *contrarywise, as before is declared, names her* Jane, *who by Prince* Edward *had Issue,* Edward *dying young, and* Richard *the Second, King of* England, *though (as he saith) she was divorced afterward, because within the degrees of Consanguinity, prohibiting to marry: The truth whereof, I omit to discuss. Her Husband, the Lord* Mountague, *being sent over into* Flanders *by King* Edward, *was taken Prisoner by the* French; *and not returning left his Countess a Widow: in whose Bed succeeded Prince* Edward; *to whose last and lawful Request, the rejoyceful Lady sends this loving Answer.*

FINIS.

Queen *ISABEL* TO *RICHARD* the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

Queen Isabel *(the Daughter of* Charles *King of* France*) being the second Wife of* Richard *the second Son of* Edward *the Black Prince, Eldest Son of King* Edward *the third; after the said* Richard *her Husband was deposed by* Henry *Duke of* Hereford, *eldest Son of* John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster, *the fourth Son of* Edward *the third, this Lady being then very young was sent back into* France *without Dowre, at what time the deposed King her Husband was sent from the Tower of* London *(as a Prisoner) unto* Pomfret *Castle, this poor Lady bewailing her Husband's Misfortunes, writeeth this Epistle to him from* France.

AS doth the yearly Augure of the *Spring*,
In depth of Woe, thus I my *Sorrow* sing;
My Tunes with *Sighs* yet ever mixt among,
A dolefull Burthen to a heavy Song:
Words issue forth, to find my *Grief* some way,
Tears overtake them and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.

If

If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the Grief of that unnat'ral *Clime*,
Thither I ſend my Sorrows to be fed;
Than where firſt born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto *France* be Aliens, and unknown,
England from her doth challenge theſe her own.
They ſay, all Miſchief cometh from the *North*;
It is too true, my Fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit Grief a place,
When all the World is fill'd with our Diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriving to contain it,
The more reſiſts, the more we do reſtrain it.
* Oh, how ev'n yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſs oft call them faithleſs Spys!
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look
Upon that Traytor *Henry Bullenbrook*:
But that exceſs of Joy my Senſe bereav'd
So much, my Sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd Lord was he,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet *Richard*) took for thee!
I might have ſeen the Courſer's ſelf did lack
That Princely Rider to beſtride his Back;
He that ſince Nature her great work began,
She onely made the Mirrour of a Man,
That when ſhe meant to form ſome matchleſs Lim,
Still for a Pattern took ſome part of him;
And jealous in her Cunning, brake the Mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that Day be guilty of all Sin,
That is to come, or heretofore hath been,

* Wherein

* Wherein great *Norfolk*'s forward Course w
To prove the Treasons he to *Harford* lay'd, (stay'd
When (with stern Fury) both these Dukes enrag'd,
Their Warlike Gloves at *Coventry* engag'd,
When first thou didst repeal thy former Grant,
Seal'd to brave *Mowbray* as thy Combatant:
From his unnumbred Houres let Time divide it,
Lest in his Minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his Brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other Hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding Planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parliament:
Be it in Heav'ns Decrees enrolled thus,
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspitious.
Proud *Harford* then, in height of all his Pride,
Under great *Mowbray*'s valiant Hand had dy'd,
And never had from Banishment retir'd;
The fatal Brand wherewith our *Troy* was fir'd.
* Oh, why did *Charles* relieve his needy state!
A Vagabond and stragling Runagate?
And in his Court, with grace did entertain
That vagrant Exile, that vile bloody *Cain*;
Who with a thousand Mothers Curses went,
Mark'd with the Brand of ten years Banishment.
* When thou to *Ireland* took'st thy last Farewell,
Millions of Knees upon the Pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding Ecchoes ring
The joyfull shouts that did salute a King.
Thy parting hence, the Pomp that did adorn?
Was vanish'd quite when as thou didst return?

Who

Who to my Lord one Look vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then all too few on *Harford* to attend.
" Princes (like Suns) be evermore in ſight,
" All ſee the Clouds, betwixt them and their Light:
" Yet they which lighten all beneath their Skies,
" See not the Clouds offending others Eyes,
" And deem their Noon-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect clear Changes by their Fall.
What colour ſeems to ſhadow *Harford*'s claim,
When Law and Right his Fathers Hope do mayme?
* Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould bear no (Hate)
That *John* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed Mothers Tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe *Flemiſh* Boor to be begot;
Whom *Edward*'s Eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the Sun:
Where lawfull Right and Conqueſt doth allow
A tripple Crown on *Richard*'s Princely Brow;
Three Kingly Lyons bears his Bloody Field,
* No Baſtard's Mark doth blot his conqu'ring Shield:
Never durſt he attempt our hapleſs Shore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatal *Ravenſpore*;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approach the Strand,
Nor ſtoop a Top as ſignal to the Land,
Had not the *Piercies* promis'd ayd to bring,
Againſt their Oath unto their lawfull King,
* Againſt their Faith unto our Crown's true Heir,
Their valiant Kinſman *Edmund Mortimer*.
When I to *England* came, a World of Eyes,
Like Stars attended on my fair Ariſe,

Which

Which now (alas) like angry *Planets* frown,
And are all ſet, before my going down:
The ſmooth-fac'd Air did on my coming ſmile,
But I with Storms am driven to Exile:
But *Bullenbrook* deviſ'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two Sorrows ſhould poſſeſs one Heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor Comfort, left our Miſery.
He had before divorc'd thy Crown and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to Widow me;
But ſo to prove the utmoſt of his hate,
To part us in this miſerable ſtate.
* Oh, would *Aumerl* had ſunk, when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that noble Abbot laid;
When he infring'd the Oath which he firſt took,
For thy Revenge on perjur'd *Bullenbrook*;
And been the ranſome of our Friends dear Blood,
Untimely loſt, and for the Earth too good,
And we untimely do bewail their ſtate,
They gone too ſoon, and we remain too late.
And though with Tears I from my Lord depart,
This Curſe on *Harford* fall, to eaſe my Heart:
If the foul breach of a chaſte Nuptial Bed
May bring a Curſe, my Curſe light on his Head:
If Murthers guilt with Bloud may deeply ſtain,
* *Green*, *Scroop* and *Buſhy* dye his fault in grain,
If Perjury may Heav'ns pure Gates debar,
* Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaſter*;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy Curſe condemn'd him, if no other thing;

If this dis-joyn'd, for Vengeance cannot call,
Let them united, ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Piercies*, Heav'n may hear my Pray'r,
That *Bullenbrook*, now plac'd in *Richard*'s Chair,
Such cauſe of Woe to their proud Wives may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords have been to me.
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her Pomp triumpheth in my Fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad Eyne
With as ſalt Tears, as I have done for mine.
* And mourn for *Henry Hotſpur*, her dear Son,
As I for my dear *Mortimer* have done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſs be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſt perpetual Baniſhment.
Then loſe thy Care, when firſt thy Crown was (loſt,
Sell it ſo dearly, for it dearly coſt:
And ſince it did of Liberty deprive thee.
Burying thy Hope, let nothing elſe out-live thee.
But hard (God knows) with Sorrow doth it go,
When Woe becomes a comforter to Woe:
Yet much (me thinks) of Comfort I could ſay,
If from my Heart ſome Fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is that Heaven alone doth know:
" Grief to it ſelf moſt dreadfull doth appear,
" And never yet was Sorrow void of fear,
But yet in Death doth Sorrow hope the beſt,
And *Richard* thus I wiſh thee happy Reſt.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time.

POmfret *Castle, ever a fatal place to the Princes of* England, *and most ominous to the Blood of* Plantaginet.

Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched Eyes,
And in my Glass, *&c.*

When Bullenbrook *returned to* London *from the West, bringing* Richard *a Prisoner with him; the Queen, who little knew of her Husbands hard Success, stayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have seen her Husband thus led in Triumph by his Foe: and now seeming to hate her Eyes, that so much had graced her mortal Enemy.*

Wherein great *Norfolk*'s forward Course was stay'd.

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Harford *and* Norfolk at Coventry, *urging the justness of* Mowbray's *Quarrel against the Duke of* Harford, *and the faithfull assurance of his Victory.*

Oh, why did *Charles* relieve his needy state?
A Vagabond, &c.

Charles *the* French *King her Father, received the Duke of* Harford, *and relieved him in* France, *being so nearly allied as Cousin German to King* Richard, *his Son in Law; which he did simply, little thinking that he should after return to* England *and dispossess King* Richard *of the Crown.*

Whe

When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt Farewell.

King Richard *made a Voyage with his Army into* Ireland, *againſt* Onell *and* Mackmur, *who rebelled: at what time,* Henry *entred here at home, and robbed him of all Kingly Dignity.*

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould bear no Hate)
That *John* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate.

William Wickham, *in the great Quarrel betwixt* John *of* Gaunt *and the Clergy, of meer Spight and Malice (as it ſhould ſeem) reported, That the Queen confeſſed to him on her Death-Bed, being then her Confeſſor, That* John *of* Gaunt *was the Son of a* Flemming, *and that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Woman-Child at* Gaunt, *which was ſmothered in the Cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this Child of a poor Woman, making the King believe it was her own, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure.* Fox. ex Chron. Alban.

No Baſtards Mark doth blot his conq'ring Shield.

Shewing the true and indubitate Birth of Richard, *his Right unto the Crown of* England, *as carrying the Arms without Blot or Difference.*

Againſt their Faith unto the Crowns true Heir,
Their valiant Kinſman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March, *ſon of Earl* Roger Mortimer, *which was Son to Lady* Philip, *Daughter to Lionel, Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son to King* Edward *the third; which* Edmund (*King* Richard *going into* Ireland) *was proclaimed Heir apparent to the Crown; whoſe Aunt, called*

led Elinor, *this Lord* Piercy *had married.*

Oh, would *Aumerl* had ſunk when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that Noble Abbot laid!

The Abbot of Weſtminſter *had plotted the Death of King* Henry, *to have been done at a Tilt at* Oxford: *Of which Confederacy, there was* John Holland, *Duke of* Exceſter, Thomas Holland, *Duke of* Surrey, *the Duke of* Aumerl, Montacute *Earl of* Salisbury, Spencer *Earl of* Glouceſter, *the Biſhop of* Carlile, *Sir* Thomas Blunt; *theſe all had bound themſelves one to another by Indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of* Aumerl.

Scroop, Green and *Buſhy* dye his Fault in grain.

Henry *going towards the Caſtle of* Flint, *where King* Richard *was, cauſed* Scroop, Green *and* Buſhy *to be executed at* Briſtow, *as vile Perſons, which had ſeduced the King to this laſcivious and wicked life.*

Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doneaſter.*

After Henries *exile, at his return into* England *he took his Oath at* Doncaſter, *upon the Sacrament, not to claim the Crown or Kingdom of* England, *but only the Dukedome of* Lancaſter *his own proper Right, and the Right of his Wife.*

And mourn for *Henry Hotſpur,* her dear Son,
As I for my, *&c.*

This was the brave couragious Henry Hotſpur, *that obtained ſo many Victories againſt the* Scots; *which, after falling out right with the Curſe of Queen* Iſabel, *was ſlain by* Henry *the Batiel at* Shrewsbury.

FINIS.

RICHARD the Second
TO
Queen *ISABEL.*

WHat can my Queen but hope for from this (Hand,
That it ſhould write, which never could command?
A Kingdoms Greatneſs think how he ſhould ſway,
That wholeſome Counſel never could obey:
Ill this rude Hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I fear me) it will rule a Pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelf, or by what Name,
To make thee know from whence theſe Letters (came?
Not from thy Husband, for my hateful Life
Makes thee a Widdow, being yet a Wife:
Nor from a King; that Title I have loſt,
Now of that Name, proud *Bullenbrook* may boaſt:
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo wofull, as, *I was a King.*
This lawleſs Life, which firſt procur'd my Hate,
* This Tongue, which then renounc'd my Regal State,
This abject Soul of mine conſenting to it,
This Hand, that was the Inſtrument to doe it;

All these be witness, that I now deny
All Princely Types, all Kingly Soveraignty.
Didst thou for my sake leave thy Fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely Port,
And undertook'st to travel dang'rous Ways,
Driven by aukward Winds and boyst'rous Seas?
* And left'st great *Burbon*, for thy love to me,
Who su'd in Marriage to be link'd to thee,
Offering for Dower the Countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitfull *Almaine*, and rich *Burgundie*?
Didst thou all this, that *England* should receive thee,
To miserable Banishment to leave thee?
And in my Down-fall, and my Fortunes wrack,
Thus to thy Country to convey thee back?
When quiet Sleep (the heavey Hearts Relief)
Hath rested Sorrow, somewhat less'ned Grief,
My passed Greatness into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my Fall:
With this Conceit my Sorrows I beguile,
That my fair Queen is but with drawn a while,
And my Attendants in some Chamber by,
As in the height of my Prosperity.
Calling a loud, and asking who is there?
The Eccho answ'ring, tels me, Woe is there;
And when mine Arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the Pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking Eyes precisely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many Minutes as in the Hours there be,
So many Hours each Minute seems to me;

Each

Each Hour a Day, Morn, Noon-tide, and a Set,
Each Day a Year, with Miſeries compleat;
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer and a Fall,
All Seaſons varying, but unſeaſoned all:
In endleſs Woe my thred of Life thus wears,
In Minutes, Hours, Days, by Months, to lingring (Years.

They praiſe the Summer, that enjoy the South;
Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold Mouth:
There pleaſant Summer dwelleth all the Year,
Froſt-ſtarved-Winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein Deſpair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuiting with a cloudy Cell.
* When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile,
Saw I the People's murmuring the while;
Th'uncertain Commons touch'd with inward Care,
As though his Sorrows mutually they bare:
Fond Women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking Children mourn,
Bewayle his parting, wiſhing his return.
* That I was forc'd t'abridg his baniſh'd Years,
When they be dew'd his Foot-ſteps with their (Tears;
Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his Greatneſs by their Love might grow:
* But *Henry* boaſts of our Atchievements don,
Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers won,
And all the ſtory of our famous War,
Muſt grace the Annals of Great *Lancaſter.*
* Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelf-Root brought forth, one Stock did nouriſh;

* *Edward* the top-Branch of that golden Tree,
Nature in him her utmoſt power did ſee;
Who from the Bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo fair,
As all might judge what Fruit it meant to bare:
But I his Graft, of ev'ry Weed o'er-grown,
And from our kind, as Refuſe forth am thrown.
* We from our Grandſire ſtood in one Degree,
But after *Edward*, *John* the young'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget a Son ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunt*'s Iſſue ſhould give Soveraign place)
* He that from *France* brought *John* his Priſoner (home,
As thoſe great *Cæſars* did their Spoyls to *Rome*,
* Whoſe Name obtained by his fatal Hand,
Was ever fearfull to that conquer'd Land:
His Fame encreaſing, purchas'd in thoſe Wars,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the Stars;
With him is Valour from the baſe World fled,
(Or here in me is it extinguiſhed?)
Who for his Vertue, and his Conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a Demy-god ſhall make;
And judge, this vile and abject Spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo divine.
What Earthly Humour, or what vulgar Eye
Can look ſo low, as on our Miſery?
When *Bullenbrook* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our Counſels he himſelf intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the Multitudes?

His Power desgrades, his dreadfull Frown disgraceth,
He throws them down, whom our Advancement (placeth;
As my disable and unworthy Hand
Never had Power, belonging to Command.
He treads our sacred Tables in the dust,
* And proves our Acts of Parliment unjust,
As though he hated, that it should be said,
That such a Law by *Richard* once was made;
Whilst I depress before his Greatness, lye
Under the weight of Hate and Infamy.
My Back a Foot-stool *Bullenbrook* to raise,
My Looseness mock'd, and hatefull by his praise,
Out-live mine Honour, bury my Estate,
And leave my self nought, but my Peoples Hate.
(Sweet Queen) Ile take all Counsel thou canst (give,
So that thou bidst me neither hope nor live;
" Succour that comes, when Ill hath done his worst,
" But sharpens Grief, to make us more accurst.
Comfort is now unpleasing to mine Eare,
Past cure, past care, my Bed become my Bier:
Since now Misfortune humbleth us so long,
Till Heaven be grown unmindfull of our Wrong;
Yet it forbid my Wrongs should ever dye,
But still remembred to Posterity:
And let the Crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with wofull Mothers Tears.
Thy Curse on *Percy*, angry Heavens prevent,
Who have not one Curse left, on him unspent,

To ſcourge the World, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of Woe, as I a King am poor.
Then ceaſe (dear Queen) my Sorrows to bewaile,
My Wound's too great for Pity now to heale;
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My Grief be mortal and infectious:
Yet better Fortunes thy fair Youth may try,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth fly.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

This Tongue, which then denounc'd my Regal State

RIchard *the Second, at the Reſignation of the Crown to the Duke of* Harford, *in the* Tower *of* London, (*delivering the ſame with his own hand*) *there confeſſed his diſability to govern, utterly denouncing all Kingly Authority.*

And left'ſt great *Burbon*, for thy love to me.

Before the Princeſs Iſabel *was married to the King*, Lewes *Duke of* Burbon *ſued to have had her in Marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this Motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This Duke of* Burbon *ſued again to have received her, at her coming into* France, *after the impriſonment of King* Richard; *but King* Charles *her Father then croſſed him, as before, and gave her to* Charles, *ſon to the Duke of* Orleans.

Whea

When *Harford* had his Judgement of Exile.

When the Combate should have been at Coventry, *betwixt* Henry *Duke of* Harford, *and* Thomas *Duke of* Norfolk *(where* Harford *was adjudged to Banishment for ten years) the Commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the People.*

Then being forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the King, being then at Eltham, *the King, to please the Commons, rather then for any love he bare to* Harford, *repealed four years of his Banishment.*

But *Henry* boasts of our Atchievements done.

Henry, *the eldest son of* John, *Duke of* Lancaster, *at the first, Earle of* Darby, *then created Duke of* Harford; *after the death of Duke* John, *his father, was Duke of* Lancaster *and* Hartford, *Earl of* Darby Liecester, *and* Lincoln: *and after he had obtained the Crown, was called by the name of* Bullenbrook, *which is a Town in* Lincolnshire; *as usually all the Kings of* England *bare the name of the place where they were born.*

Seven goodly Siens in their Spring did flourish.

Edward *the third had seven sons*; Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *after called the* Black-Prince; William *of* Hatfield, *the second*; Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third*; John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster, *the fourth*; Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York, *the fifth*; Thomas *of* Woodstock, *Duke of* Glocester, *the sixt*; William *of* Windsor, *the seventh*.

Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree.

As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, *being but Son of the fourth Brother*; William *and* Lionel *being both before* John *of* Gaunt.

He that from *France* brought *John* his Prisoner home.

Edward *the* Black-Prince *taking* John, *King of* France, *Prisoner, at the Battel of* Poictiers, *brought him into* England; *where, at the* Savoy, *he died.*

Whose Name atchieved by his fatal hand.

Called the Black-Prince, *not so much of his Complexion, as of the famous Battels he fought; as is shewed before, in the Gloss upon the Epistle of* Edward *to the Countess of* Salisbury.

And proves our Acts of Parliament unjust.

In the next Parliament, after Richard's *Resignation of the Crown*, Henry *caused to be annihilated all the Laws made in the Parliament, called the Wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth year of King* Richards *Reign.*

FINIS.

Queen

Queen *KATHERINE* TO OWEN TUDOR.

The ARGUMENT.

After the Death of Henry *the fifth, Queen* Katherine *Dowager of* England *and* France, *Daughter to* Charles *the* French *King, holding her Estate with* Henry *her Son (then Sixth of that name) falleth in Love with* Owen Tudor *a Welchman, a brave and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the young King her Son, yet fearing if her Love should be discovered, the Nobility would cross her purposed Marriage; or if her Princely promise should not assure his good success, the high and great Attempt might (perhaps) daunt the forwardness of this modest and shamefull Youth; She therefore writes to him this following Epistle.*

JUdge not a Princes worth impeach'd hereby,
That Love thus triumphs over Majesty;
Nor think less Vertue in this Royal Hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this sort, tho' humbly now it woo, (to.
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd un-
Nor think, that this submission of my State
Proceeds from Frailty (rather judge it Fate.)
Alcides ne'r more fit for Wars stern Shock,
Then when with Women spinning at the Rock;

Never

Never leſs Clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clowns ſhape when he covered him,
Joves great Command was never more obey'd,
Then when a Satyrs Antick parts he play'd.
He was thy King, who ſu'd for love to me,
And ſhe his Queen, who ſues for love to thee.
When *Henry* was, my love was only his,
But by his death, it *Owen Tudors* is;
My love to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giveth,
My love to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liveth:
Henry woo'd me, whilſt Wars did yet increaſe,
I woo my *Tudor*, in ſweet calms of Peace;
To force Affection, he did Conqueſt prove,
I come with gentle Arguments of Love.
* Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms;
Firſt ſaw I *Henry*, clad in Princely Arms;
At pleaſant *Windſor*, Firſt theſe Eyes of mine
My *Tudor* judg'd, for wit and ſhape divine;
Henry abroad, with Puiſſance and with Force,
Tudor at home, with Courtſhip and Diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet*, or *Tether*;
A March, a Meaſure, Battel, or a Dance,
A Courtly Rapier, or a conqu'ring Launce.
His Princely Bed hath ſtrength'ned my Renown,
* And on my Temples ſet a double Crown;
Which glorious Wreath (as *Henrys* lawfull Heir)
Henry the ſixth upon his Brow doth bear.
* At *Troy* in *Champain* he did firſt enjoy
My Bridal Rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*;

In

In *England* now that Honour thou ſhalt have,
Which once in *Champain* famous *Henry* gave.
I ſeek not Wealth, three Kingdoms in my Power;
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my Dower?
Sad Diſcontent may ever follow her,
Which doth baſe Pelf, before true Love preſer;
If Titles ſtill could our Affections tye,
What is ſo great, but Majeſty might buy?
As I ſeek thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred Fire once warm'd my Heart before,
The Fuell fit, the Flame is now the more;
And means to quench it, I in vain doe prove,
" We may hide Treaſure, but not hide our Love:
And ſince it is thy Fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtrain it.
* Nor theſe great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, Siſter to a King,
Of Grandſire, Father, Husband, Son and Brother,
More thou alone to me then all theſe other.
* Nor fear, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-born, great *Lancaſtrian* (Line,
* Or make the *Engliſh* Blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine at *Lorain*, *Burdon*, *Alanſon*;
Nor doe I think there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods:
Of *Cadmus* Earthly Iſſue reck'ning us,
And they from *Jove*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*;

Of

Of great *Latonas* O'ff-ſpring onely they,
And wee the Brats of wofull *Niobe*.
Our famous Grandſires (as their own) beſtrid
That Horſe of Fame, that God-begotten Steed,
Whoſe bounding Hoof plow'd that *Boetian* Spring,
Where thoſe ſweet Maids of Memory doe ſing.
I claim not all from *Henry*, but as well
To be the Child of *Charles* and *Iſabel* (grow,
Nor can I think from whence their Grief ſhould
That by this Match they be diſparag'd ſo;
* When *John* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were affy'd,
And to the Kings of *Wales* in Wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſs of your Blood thereby,
Your Race and Royal Conſanguinity:
And *Wales*, as well as haughty *England* boaſts,
* Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts;
To have precedence in *Pendragons* Race,
At *Arthur*'s Table challenging the Place.
If by the often Conqueſt of your Land,
They boaſt the Spoiles of their victorious Hand;
If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
* When bloody *Rufus* ſought your Towns to ſack,
Twice entring *Wales*, yet twice was beaten back;
When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the Flood,
Made by th' effuſion of the *Engliſh* Blood;
* And oft return'd with glorious Victory,
From *Worceſter*, *Her'ford*, *Cheſter*, *Shrewsbury*;
Whoſe Power in ev'ry Conqueſt ſo prevails,
As once expuls'd the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*.

Although

Although my Beauty made my Countries Peace,
And at my Bridal former Broils did ceaſe;
More then his Power, had not his Perſon been,
I had not come to *England* as a Queen.
Nor took I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in *France* that time my choice was ſcant,
When it had robb'd all *Chriſtendom* of Men,
And *Englands* Flower remain'd amongſt us then:
Gluoſter, whoſe Counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſſiſt;
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martiallift;
Clarence, for Vertue honour'd of his Foes;
And *York*, whoſe Fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick the pride of *Nevil*'s haughty Race;
Great *Salisbury*, ſo fear'd in ev'ry place:
That valiant *Pool*, whom no Atchievement dar's;
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the *Iriſh* Wars;
Who, though my ſelf ſo great a Princeſs born,
The beſt of theſe, my equal need not ſcorn:
But *Henry*'s rare Perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdoms, ſo he conquer'd Hearts.
As chaſte was I to him, as Queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaſte love vow'd to thee;
Beauty doth fetch all Favour from thy Face,
All perfect Court-ſhip reſteth in thy Grace;
If thou diſcourſe, my Lips ſuch Accents break,
As Love a Spirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeak.
The *Brittiſh* Language, which our Vowels wants,
And jarrs ſo much upon harſh Conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy melliſluous
As the ſweet Notes doe of a well-ſet Song, (Tongue

And

And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe Lips of thine,
As the pure *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leaving ſuch ſeas'ned ſweetneſs in the Ear,
That the Voyce paſt, the ſound abides ſtill there,
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Viol us'd to play; (drown'd
Where ſenceleſs Stones were with ſuch Muſick
As many years they did retain the Sound.

Let not the Beams, that Greatneſs doth reflect,
Amaze thy Hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, *Tudor*, Majeſty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the embraces of a Queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you;
When in our Greatneſs, our Affections crave
Thoſe ſecret Joyes, that other Women have:
So I (a Queen) be ſoveraign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the publick voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light in reſpect, to be belov'd of me?
Let peviſh Wordlings prate of Right and Wrong,
Leave Plaints and Pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old Men ſpeak of Chances and Events,
And Laywers talk of Titles and Deſcents,
Leave fond Reports to ſuch as Stories tell,
And Covenants, to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Love, my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt;
And to our good ſucceſs refer the reſt.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Wars hot Alarms,
Firſt, &c.

NEar unto Melans, *upon the River of* Seyne, *was the appointed place of Parley between the two Kings of* England *and* France; *to which place,* Iſabel, *the Queen of* France, *and the Duke of* Rurgoyne, *brought the young Princeſs* Katherine, *where King* Henry *firſt ſaw her.*

And on my Temples ſet a double Crown.

Henry *the fifth, and Queen* Katherine, *were taken as King & Queen of* France; *and during the life of* Charles *the* French *King,* Henry *was called King of* England, *and Heir of* France: *and after the death of* Henry *the firſt,* Henry *the ſixth, his ſon, then being very young, was crown'd at* Paris, *as true and lawfull King of* England *and* France.

At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt enjoy.

Troy *in* Champaine, *was the place where that victorious King* Henry *the firſt married the Princeſs* Katherine, *in the preſence of the chief Nobility of the Realms of* England *and* France.

Nor theſe great Titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queens of England, *or* France, *were ever more Princely allied then this Queen, as it hath been noted by Hiſtoriographers.*

Nor

Nor fear, my *Tudor*, that this love of mine.
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-born, *&c.*

Noting the Descent of Henry *her Husband from* John, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth ſon of* Edward *the third*; *which Duke* John *was ſirnamed* Gaunt, *of the City of* Gaunt *in* Flanders, *where he was born.*

Or make the *Engliſh* Blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, *&c.*

Alluding the Greatneſs of the Engliſh *Line, to* Phœbus *and* Phœbe, *fained to be the Children of* Latona, *whoſe Heavenly kind might ſcorn to be joyned with any Earthly Progeny: yet withall, boaſting the Blood of* France, *as not inferiour to theirs. And with this Alluſion*; *followeth on the Hiſtory of the ſtrife betwixt* Juno *and the Race of* Cadmus, *whoſe Iſſue was afflicted by the Wrath of Heaven. The Children of* Niobe *ſlain, for which the wofull Mother became a Rock, guſhing forth continually a Fountain of Tears.*

When *John* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were affy'd.

Lewellin, *or* Leolin ap Jorwith, *Married* Joan, *daughter to King* John, *a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirm, that ſhe was baſe born.* Lewellin ap Gryfith *Married* Eliner, *daughter to* Simon Monfort, *Earl of* Leiceſter, *and Couſin to* Edward Longſhanks; *both which* Lewellins *were Princes of* Wales.

Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts,
To have precedence, *&c.*

Camilot *the Ancient Palace of King* Arthur; *to which place,*

all the Knights of that famous Order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the Law of the Table: and most of the famous borne born Knights were of that Country; as to this day is perceived by their ancient Monuments.

When bloody *Rufus* sought your utter sack.

Noting the ill success which William Rufus *had in two Voyages he made into* Wales; *in which, a number of his chief Nobility were slain.*

And oft return'd with glorious Victory.

Noting the divers sundry Incursions that the Welshmen *made into* England, *in the time* Rufus, John, Henry *the second, and* Longshanks.

OWEN TUDOR TO Queen *KATHERINE.*

WHen first mine Eyes beheld your Princely (Name,
And found from whence this friendly Lette came;
As in excess of Joy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:

My panting Heart doth bid mine Eyes proceed,
My daz'led Eyes invite my Tongue to read;
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My Lips, which should have spoke, were dumb,
(and kist it,
And left the Paper in my trembling Hand,
When all my Senses did amazed stand;
Ev'n as a Mother coming to her Child,
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle Arms his tender Neck doth strain,
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;
And yet exceeding Joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awakened from this pleasing Dream,
When Passion some what left to be extream,
My longing Eyes with their fair Object meet,
Where ev'ry Letter's pleasing, ev'ry Word is sweet.

It was not *Henry*'s Conquest, nor his Court,
That had the pow'er to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadfull Terror-striking Name,
The cause that I from *Wales* to *England* came;
For Christian *Rhodes*, and our Religious Truth,
To great Atchievement first had won my Youth:
This brave Adventure did my Valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by some poor event,
But by th' Eternal Destinies consent;
Whose uncompriséd Wisedom did fore-see,
That you in Marriage should be link'd to me.

By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy Prophesies enrol'd)
When first he did of *Tudors* Name divine,
That Kings and Queens should follow in our Line;
* And that the Helm (the *Tudors* ancient Crest)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be drest;
As that the Leek (our Countries chief Renown)
Should grow with Roses in the *English* Crown.
As *Charles* his Daughter, you the Lilly were,
As *Henry*'s Queen, the blushing Rose you bear;
By *France*'s Conquest, and by *Englands* Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crown, both in your Cheek together,
Joyn *Tethers* love to yours, and yours to *Tether*.

Then cast no future Doubts, nor fear no Hate,
When it so long hath been fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of Heav'n,
Before our Births, we to one Bed were giv'n.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Juno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* yeild the golden Ball;
Nor when the *Grecians* Wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in *Troy*:

And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?
* When in thy presence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty Tricks whilst I my self advance,
And in a Turn, my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your Lap?
Who would not judge it Fortunes greatest grace,
Since he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His Birth from Heav'n, your *Tudor* not derive,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in Superlatives,
Although the envious *Engliſh* doe deviſe
A thouſand Jeſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claim that Plot by ancient Deeds,
Where *Phœbus* paſtures fire-brreathing Steeds;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires Scars,
Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titan*'s Wars;
Nor fain my Birth (your Princely Ears to pleaſe)
By three Nights getting, as was *Hercules*;
Nor doe I forge my long Deſcent to run
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sun:
* And yet in *Wales*, with them that famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my Pedigree;
* And boaſt my Birth from great *Cadwallader*,
* From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Pallador*;
* And from *Eneons* Line, the *South-Wales* King,
By *Theodor*, the *Tudors* Name doe bring.
My Royal Mothers Princely Stock began,
* From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leoline* the Great,
As well from *North-Wales*, as fair *Powſlands* Seat:
Though for our Princely Genealogy,
I doe not ſtand to make Apology;
Yet who with Judgments true impartial Eyes,
Shall look from whence our Name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find, that Fortune is to us in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
* Nor that term *Croggen*, Nick-name of diſgrace,
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,

Shall

Shall blot our Blood, or wrong a *Welſhman*'s Name
Which was at firſt begot with *England*'s ſhame.
Our valiant Swords our Right did ſtill maintain,
Againſt that cruel, proud, uſurping *Dane*,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous Fights,
With *Norways*, *Sweethens* and with *Muſcovites*;
* And kept our Native Language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our Tongue:
When they which now our Nation fain would tame,
Subdu'd, have loſt their Country and their Name.
Nor ever could the *Saxons* Swords provoke
Our *Britain* Necks to bear their ſervile Yoke:
Where *Cambria*'s pleaſant Countries bounded be
With ſwelling *Severn* and the holy *Dee*;
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriv'd, have ſtood,
The only remnant of the *Trojan* Blood.
To every Man is not allotted Chance,
To boaſt with *Henry*, to have conquer'd *France*:
Yet if my Fortunes be thus rais'd by thee,
This may preſage a further good to me;
And our Saint *David*, in the *Britains* Right,
May joyn with *George*, the Sainted *Engliſh* Knight;
* And old *Caermarden*, *Merlin*'s famous Town,
Not ſcorn'd by *London*, though of ſuch renown.
Ah, would to God, that Hour my Hopes attend,
Were with my Wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, Madam, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you enquire;
Till now your Beauty in Nights Boſome ſlept,
What Eye durſt ſtir, where awfull *Henry* kept?

Who durſt attempt to ſail but near the Bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great *Alcides* lay?
Your Beauty now is ſet a Royal Prize,
And Kings repair to cheapen Merchandize.
If you but walk to take the breathing Ayre,
Orithia makes me, that I *Boreas* fear;
If to the Fire, *Jove* once in Lightning came,
And fair *Egina* makes me fear the flame;
If in the Sun, then ſad Suſpicion dreams
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Lucothoe* in his Beams;
If in a Fountain you do cool your Blood,
Neptune I fear, which once came in a Floud;
If with your Maids, I dread *Apollo*'s Rape,
Who cous'ned *Chion* in an old Wives ſhape;
If you do banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
Who in a Grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my ſelf your Chamber-door ſhould keep,
Yet fear I *Hermes* coming in a ſleep
Pardon (ſweet Queen) if I offend in this,
In theſe Delays, Love moſt impatient is;
And Youth wants pow'r his hot Spleen to ſuppreſs,
When Hope already banquets in Exceſs.
Though *Henry*'s Fame in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
But onely in the Title of a King
VVas his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleaſure you did take,
Never let Queen truſt *Britain*, for my ſake.
Yet judge me not from Modeſty exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* Charge attempt;

My

My Mind, that thus your Favours dare aſpire,
Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celeſtial fire;
If I'm in fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When ſhe her ſelf is author of the ſame:
" All Men to ſome one quality incline,
Onely to Love is naturally mine.

Thou art by Beauty famous, as by Birth,
Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheer the drooping Earth;
Add faithfull Love unto your greater State,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more then I.
And thus I leave, till time my Faith approve,
I ceaſe to write, but never ceaſe to love.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

And that the Helm, the *Tudors* antient Creſt.

THE *Arms of* Tudor, *was three Helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh, as a thing prophetically foretold of* Merlin.

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor *being a courtly and active Gentleman, commanded, once to dance before the Queen, and Ture (not being able to recover himſelf) fell into her Lap, as ſhe ſat upon a little Stool, with many of her Ladies about her.*

And yet with them in *Wales* that famous be,
Our learned *Bards*, &c.

This Berdh, *as they call it in the* Brittish *Tongue, or as we more properly say,* Bard, *or* Bardus, *the their Poets, which keep the Records of Pedigrees and Descents, and sung in Odes and Measures to their Harps, after the old manner of the* Lyrick *Poets.*

And boast my Blood from great *Cadwallader.*

Cadwallader, *the last King of the* Britains, *descended of the Noble and ancient Race of the* Trojans; *to whom an Angel appeared, commanding him to go to* Rome *to* Pope Sergius, *where he ended his Life.*

From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Palador.*

Caer-Septon, *now called* Shaftsbury; *at whose Building it was said, an Eagle prophesied (or rather one named* Aquila) *of the fame of that Place, and of the recovery of the Isle by the* Britains, *bringing back with them the Bones of* Cadwallader *from* Rome.

And from Eneons *Line, the* South-Wales *King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This Eneon *was slain by the Rebels of* Gwentland; *he was a notable and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble Acts, and was Father to* Theodor, *or* Tudor Maur, *of whom descended the Princes of* South-Wales.

From

From her great Grandam, fair *Gwenellian*.

Gwenellian, *the daughter of* Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor *Prince of* South-Wales, *married* Ednivet Vaughan, *Ancestor to* Owen Tudor.

By true descent from *Leolin* the Great.

This is the Lowhelin, *called* Leolinus Magnus, *Prince of* North-Wales.

Nor that word *Croggen*, Nick-name of disgrace.

In the Voyage that Henry *the Second made against the* Welshmen, *as his Souldiers passed* Offas *Ditch at* Croggen *Castle, they were overthrown by the* Welshmen: *which word* Croggen *hath since been used to the* Welshmen's *Disgrace, which was at first begun with their Honour.*

And kept our Native Language now thus long.

The Welshmen *be those ancient* Britains, *which when the* Picts, Danes *and* Saxons *invaded here, were first driven into those parts; where they have kept their Language ever since the first, without commixtion with any other.*

And old *Caer-Marden, Merlins* famous Town.

Caer-Marden, *or* Merlin's *Town, so called, of* Merlin's *being found there. This was* Ambrose Merlins, *whose Prophecies we have. There was another of that Name, called* Merlin Sylvestris, *born in* Scotland, *surnamed* Calidonius, *of the Forrest* Calidon, *where he prophesied.*

FINIS.

ELINOR COBHAM
TO
Duke *HUMPHREY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Elinor, *Daughter to the Lord* Cobham *of* Sterborough, *and Wife to* Humphrey Plantaginet *Duke of* Glouceſter, *the Son of* Henry *the fourth King of* England *(ſirnamed* Bullingbrook*) This noble Duke for his great wiſdom and juſtice called the good, was by King* Henry *the fifth (Brother to the Duke) at his Death appointed Protector of the Land during the nonage of* Henry *the ſixth, this* Elinor *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter *a Proud and Ambitious Woman knowing that if young* Henry *died without iſſue, the Duke her Husband was the neareſt of the blood, Conſpired with one* Bullingbrook *a Great Magitian,* Hun *a Prieſt, and* Jourdan *Witch of* Eye, *by ſorcery to make away the King, and by conjuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being juſtly convicted ſhe was adjudged to do pennance three ſeveral times openly in* London *and then to perpetual baniſhment to the Iſle of* Man, *from whence ſhe writes this Epiſtle.*

METhinks, not knowing who theſe Lines ſhould (ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt over to the latter end,
Where, thou my Name no ſooner haſt eſpy'd,
But in diſdain my Letter caſts aſide:

Why

Why, if thou wilt, I will my self deny,
Nay, I'll affirm and swear, I am not I;
Or if in t hat thy shame thou do'st perceive,
For thy dear sake, loe I my Name will leave.
And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seem so much appalled at my Hand;
For my Misfortunes have inur'd thine Eye,
(Long before this) to Sights of Misery:
No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very same,
All thou canst read, is but to read my shame.
Be not dismay'd, nor let my Name affright,
The worst it can, is but t' offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harm,
It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magick Charm;
If she that sent it, love Duke *Humphry* so,
Is't possible her Name should be his Foe?
Yes, I am *Elinor*, I am very she,
Who brought for Dower a Virgins Bed to thee;
* Though envious *Beauford* slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humphry*'s wanton Paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
* To Magick once I did my self apply;
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With poys'ning Philters, and bewitching Drink:
Nor on thy Person did I ever prove
Those wicked Potions, so procuring Love.
I cannot boast, to be rich *Holland*'s Heir,
Nor of the Blood and Greatness of *Baveire*;
* Yet *Elinor* brought no forreign Armies in,
To fetch her back; as did thy *Jacomin*;

Nor

Nor clam'rous Husband follow'd me that fled,
Exclaiming, *Humphry* to defile his Bed;
Nor wast thou forc'd the Slander to suppress,
To send me back as an Adultéress:
* *Brabant*, nor *Burgoyne*, claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to *Rome*, to hasten my Divorce;
Nor *Belgia*'s Pomp, defac'd with *Belgia*'s Fire,
The just reward of her unjust desire:
* Nor *Bedford*'s Spouse, your noble Sister *Ann*,
That Princely-issued great *Burgonian*,
Need stand with me, to move a Womans strife,
To yield the place to the Protector's VVife;
If *Cobham*'s Name my Birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renown my Family. (of late,
* VVhere's *Greenwich* now, thy *Elinor*'s Court
Where she with *Humphry* held a Princely State?
That pleasant *Kent* when I abroad should ride,
That to my pleasure laid forth all her Pride?
The *Thames* by Water when I took the air,
That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the stayre?
The anch'ring Ships, which when I pass'd the Road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red Tops abroad?
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
To see my Pomp, so Goddess-like to Land,
Should after see me mayl'd up in a Sheet
Do shamefull Pennance three times in the Street?
Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my Hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadle's VVand;
That little Babes, not having use of Tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.

Where

Where then was *Humphrey*, where was his Com-
Waſt thou not Lord Protector of the Land? (mand
Or for thy Juſtice, who could thee deny
The Title of the good Duke *Humphry*?
What Bloud, extract from famous *Edward*'s Line,
Could boaſt it ſelf to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next *Henry*, ſhould the Realm prefer,
If it allow the Line of *Lancaſter*?
But *Rayner*'s Daughter muſt from *France* be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be-ſet;
Mauns, *Main* and *Anjou*, on that Beggar caſt,
To bring her home to *England* in ſuch haſt:
And what for *Henry* thou hadſt laboured there,
To joyn the King with *Arminack*'s rich Heir,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had been.
Pool needs muſt have his Darling made a Queen,
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To have his Earlſhip with a Dukedome grac'd;
And raiſe the Off-ſpring of his Blood ſo high,
As Lords of us and our Poſterity!

O, that by Sea when he to *France* was ſent,
The Ship had ſunk, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had ſwallow'd her, before
She e'er ſet foot upon the *Engliſh* Shore!
But all is well, nay, we have ſtore to give,
What need we more, we by her Looks can live:
All that great *Henry* by his Conqueſts heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Is given back to *Rayner* all in poſt;
And by this means, rich *Normandy* is loſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe which have come as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Have into *England* brought their goodly Dow'rs,
Which to our Coffers yearly Tribute brings,
The Life of Subjects, and the ſtrength of Kings;
The means whereby fair *England* ever might
Raiſe Power in *France*, to back her antient Right:
But ſhe brings Ruine here to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull Claim abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my Shame,
And give a thouſand by-words to my Name,
And call me, Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpight that may a Woman ſpot.
Oh, that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Faith then her Queenſhip little Reſt ſhould take;
I'd ſcratch that Face, that may not feel the Air,
And knit whole Ropes of Witch-knots in her Hair:
O how I'd Hag her nightly in her Bed,
And on her Breſt ſit like a lump of Lead,
And like a Fairy pinch that dainty Skin,
Her wanton Blood is now ſo cocker'd in;
Or take me ſome ſuch known familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my Vengeance never ſhould eſcape,
Were I a Garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poys'ned Gore;
It were enough, if ſhe once put me on,
To tear both Fleſh and Sinews from the Bone:
Were I a Flower, that might her Smell delight,
Though I were not the poys'ning *Aconite*,
I would ſend ſuch a Fume into her Brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

* They

* They say, the *Druides* once lived in this Isle,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my Exile, (wrought,
Whose pow'rfull Charms such dreadfull Wonders
Which in the *Gothish Island* Tongue were taught;
Oh, that their Spels to me they had resign'd, (Wind;
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both Sea and
And made the Moon pawse in her paled Sphere,
Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the
(Air:
Their Hellish Power, to kill the Plow-mans Seed,
Or to fore-speak whole Flocks, as they did feed;
To nurse a damned Spirit with humane Blood,
To carry them through Earth, Air, Fire and Floud;
Had I this skill, that Time hath almost lost,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghost?
O pardon, pardon my mis-govern'd Tongue,
A Womans strength cannot endure my Wrong.
* Did not the Heav'ns her coming in withstand,
As though affrighted, when she came to Land?
The Earth did quake, her coming to abide,
The goodly *Thames* did twice keep back his Tide.
Pauls shook with Tempests, & that mounting spire,
With Lightning sent from Heav'n, was set on fire,
Our stately Buildings to the ground were blown,
Her Pride by these prodigious signs were shown,
More fearfull Visions on the *English* Earth,
Then ever were at any Death, or Birth.
Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, if I should not speak,
My Breast would split, my very Heart would break.

I, that

I, that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now than with a Clap-diſh in my hand;
A ſimple Mantle covering me withal,
The very'ſt Leper, of Cares Hoſpital;
That from my State a Preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a Pad of Straw;
And like an Owl, by Night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Ivy Tod,
Among the Sea-Cliffs, in the dampy Caves,
In Charnel-Houſes, fit to dwell in Graves. (Look
Saw'ſt thou thoſe Eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerfull
Duke *Humphry* once ſuch joy and pleaſure took,
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoil'd them all of grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face:
Like a foul *Gorgon*, whoſe diſhevell'd Hair
With every blaſt flyes glaring in the Air;
Some ſtanding up like Horns upon my Head,
Even like Thoſe Women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lank Breaſts hang like Bladders left unblown,
My Skin with lothſome Jaundize over-grown;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruin's true Picture, only look on me.
Sometime, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a ſudden Extaſie grow mad;
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runs
Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantick Nuns;
Or like a *Tartar*, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd unto a diſmal Sacrifice.
That Prelate *Beaufort*, a foul ill befal him:
Prelate ſaid I! nay, Devil I ſhould call him:

Ah

Ah God forgive me, if I think amiſs,
His very Name, me thinks, my Poyſon is:
Ah that vile *Judas*, our profeſſed Foe,
My Curſe purſue him, whereſoe'r he goe;
That to my Judgment, when I did appear,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that never were:
That I ſhould know of *Bullenbrooks* Intents,
The hallowing of his Magick Inſtruments;
That I procured *Southwell* to aſſiſt,
Which was by Order conſecrate a Prieſt;
That it was I ſhould cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile Baſtard, that himſelf dare vant,
To be the Son of thy brave Grandſire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but father'd of meer Charity,
To rid his Mother of that Infamy;
Who, if Report of elder Times be true,
Yet to this day his Father never knew.
He that by Murthers black and odious Crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,
Having procur'd by hope of golden gain,
A fatal Hand, his Soverain to have ſlain;
Whom to his Chamber cloſely he convey'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid;
Upon whoſe Sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a Dog he had not been deſcry'd.
But now the Queen, her Minion *Pool*, and he,
As it pleaſe them, ev'n ſo muſt all things be;
England's no place for any one beſide;
All is too little to maitain their pride.

What, of a King, hath *Henry*, but the Name;
And now ſcarce that, ſo publick his defame?
And I pray God, I do not live the day,
To ſee his Ruine, and the Realms decay:
And yet as ſure as *Humphry* ſeems to ſtand,
He be preſerv'd from that vile Traytors hand.
From *Gloſter*'s Seat I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes Name were chang'd,
For it portends ſome after-ill to us;
Ah *Humphry*, *Humphry*, it is ominous:
Yet rather then thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert here baniſhed with me.
Humphry adiew, farewel true Noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *El'nor* can afford.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Though envious *Beauford* ſtand'red me before.

NOting the extream Hate that Cardinal Beauford had ever born to her.

To magick once I did my ſelf apply.

Elinor Cobham *was accuſed by ſome, that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her Marriage with Duke* Humphry, *that ſhe practiſed to give him Philters, and ſuch poyſoning Potions, to make him love her; as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinal* Beau-

ford.

ford, *to have lived as the Dukes Leeman: against the which Cardinal, she exclaimeth in this Epistle, in the Verse before.*

Yet *Elnor* brought no forreign Armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy *Iacomin.*

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married Iacomin, *or as some call her,* Jaquet, *Daughter and Heir to* William Bavier, *Duke of* Holland, *before married, and lawful Wife to* John *Duke of* Brabant, *then living: which after, as it is shewed in this Verse following,*

Brabant nor *Burgoyne* claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to *Rome*, to hasten my divorce.

Caused great Wars, by reason, that the Duke of Burgoyn *took part with* Brabant, *against the Duke of* Glocester; *which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former Husband.*

Nor *Bedford*'s Spouse, your Noble sister *Ann.*
That Princely issued great *Burgonian.*

John *Duke of* Beauford, *that Scourge of* France, *and the Glory of the* Englishmen, *married* Ann *Sister to the Duke of* Burgundy, *a vertuous and beautiful Lady: by which Marriage, as also by his Victories attained in* France, *he brought great Strength to the* English *Nation.*

Where's *Greenwich* now thy *Elnors* Court of late?

That fair and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, *in* Kent, *was first builded by that famous Duke: Whose rich and pleasant*

ſituation might remain an aſſured Monument of his Wiſdome, if there were no other memory of the ſame.

They ſay the *Druides* once lived in this Iſle.

It ſhould ſeem, that there were two Iſlands, both of them called Mona, *though now diſtinguiſhed, the one, by the name of* Man, *the other, by the Name of* Angleſey; *both which, were full of many infernal Ceremonies: as may appear by* Agricola's *Voyage, made into the hithermoſt* Man, *deſcribed by his Son-in-Law,* Cornelius Tacitus. *And as Superſtition, the Daughter of Barbariſm and Ignorance; ſo amongſt thoſe Northerly Nations, like as in* America, *Magick was moſt eſteemed.*

Druidæ *were the publick Miniſters of their Religion, as throughly taught in all Rites thereof: Their Doctrine concerned the Immortality of the Soul, the Contempt of Death, and all other Points which may conduce to Reſolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimity: Their abode was in Groves and Woods, whereupon they have their Name: Their power extended it ſelf to maſter the Souls of Men deceaſed, and to confer with Ghoſts, and other Spirits, about the ſucceſs of things.*

Plutarch, *in his profound and learned Diſcourſe of the defect of Oracles, reporteth, That the outmoſt* Britiſh *Iſles were the Priſon of a ſort of fictious Demi-gods: But it ſhall not need to ſpeak any farther of the* Druidæ, *then that which* Lucan *doth:*

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, *Druidæ* poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.

Did not the Heavens her coming in withſtand.

Noting the prodigious and fearful ſigns that were ſeen in Engl-

England, *a little before her coming in*: *which* Elinor *expresseth in this Epistle, as afore-shewing the Dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky Marriage.*

The hallowing of the Magick Instruments.

The Instruments which Bullenbrook *used in his Conjurations, according to the diveliſh Ceremonies and Customs of theſe unlawful Arts, were dedicated at a Maſs in the Lodge in* Harnſey *Park, by* Southwel *Prieſt of* Weſtminſter.

Having procur'd by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the Articles that Duke Humphry *urged againſt Cardinal* Beauford, *That he conſpired the death of* Henry *the fifth, by conveying a Villain into his Chamber, which in the Night ſhould have murthered him: but what ground of Truth he had for the ſame, I leave to diſpute.*

Duke *HUMPHRY*

TO

ELINOR COBHAM.

ME thinks thou ſhouldſt not doubt, I could (forget
Her whom ſo many do remember yet;

"No, no, our joys away like ſhaddows ſlide,
"But Sorrows firm in memory abide;
Nay, I durſt anſwer, thou do'ſt nothing leſs,
But into Paſſion, urg'd by thy diſtreſs:
No *El'nor*, no, thy Woes, thy Grief, thy Wrong,
Have in my breaſt been reſident too long.
Oh, when Report in ev'ry place had ſpred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
With curſed *Oneley*, and the Witch of *Eye*.
As guilty of their vile Conſpiracy;
The dreadfull Spirits when they did invocate,
For the Succeſſion, and the Realm's Eſtate;
When *Henry's* Image they in Wax had wrought,
By which he ſhould have to his death been brought;
That as his Picture did conſume away,
His Perſon ſo by Sickneſs ſhould decay: (troul,
Grief, that before could ne'r my thoughts con-
That inſtant took poſſeſſion of my Soul.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any Woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need, of others Cares to borrow,
For all I have, is nothing elſe but Sorrow.
No, my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy Woes
(do ſtay;

Though

Though from thy Husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remain, they will not leave him ſo:
No eye bewails my Ill, mones thy diſtreſs,
Our Grief's the more, but yet our debt the leſs;
We owe no Tears, no Mourning days are kept,
For thoſe that yet for us have never wept;
We hold no Obijts. no ſad Exequies,
Upon the Death-days of unweeping Eyes.
Alas, good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a forreign love?
Thou might'ſt have bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we have ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual Grief to anſwer Grief again?
Or think'ſt thou, I unkindly did forbear
To bandy Woe for Woe, and Tear for Tear?
Did I forget, or careleſly neglect
Thoſe ſhews of Love, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mounful black was I not ſeen to goe,
By outward ſigns t'expreſs my inward Woe?
Did I thy loſs not publickly lament,
Nor by my Looks bewray'd my Diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? If this be it, know then,
" One Grief conceal'd, more grieveous is than ten:
If in my breaſt thoſe Sorrows ſometimes were,
And never utt'red, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time increaſing they muſt needs be more,
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt up what is receiv'd, what ſpent;

If I her own, can ſhe from blame me free,
If ſhe but prove a ſtep-mother to me:
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtrive,
To plead for Birth-right my Prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to fear it,
For then my true Nobility ſhould bear it:
If Counſel aid, that *France* will tell (I know)
Whoſe Towns lyé waſt before the *Engliſh* Foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd *French* the foil
* At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant*, and *Vernoyle*:
If Faith avail, theſe Arms did *Henry* hold, (old:
To claym his Crown, yet ſcarcely nine months
If Countries care have leave to ſpeak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witneſs then may be:
If peoples tongues give ſplendor to my Fame,
They add a Title to Duke *Humphry*'s Name.
If Toyle at home, *French* Treaſon, *Engliſh* Hate,
Shall tell my skill in mannaging the State,
If forreign Travel my ſucceſs may try,
* Then *Flanders*, *Almain*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.
That Robe of *Rome* proud *Beauford* now doth (wear,
In every place ſuch ſway ſhould never bear:
* The Croſier ſtaff in his imperious Hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the Land;
That home to *England*, Diſpenſations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our Laws;
And for thoſe Sums the wealthy Church ſhould (pay,
Upon the needy Comm'nalty to lay:

His

His ghoſtly Counſels only do adviſe,
* The means how *Langley*'s Progeny may riſe,
Pathing young *Henry*'s unadviſed ways,
A Duke of *York* from *Cambridge* houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our Title undermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward*, in *Gaunts* famous Line,
Us of Succeſſion falſely to deprive,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly derive;
Knowing the will old *Camlridge* ever bore,
To catch the Wreath that famous *Henry* wore:
With *Gray* and *Scroop* when firſt he layd the Plot,
From us and ours, the Garland to have got;
As from the *March*-born *Mortimer* to reign,
Whoſe Title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintain,
When the proud *Percies*, haughty *March*, and he,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equal parts, in three.
* His Prieſthood now ſtern *Mowbray* will reſtore,
To ſtir the fire that kindled was before;
Againſt the *Yorkiſts* that ſhall their Claim advance,
To ſteel the point of *Norfolk*'s ſturdy Lance.
Upon the Breaſt of *Harford*'s iſſue bent,
In juſt revenge of ancient Baniſhment.
He doth adviſe to let our Pris'ner go,
And doth inlarge the faithleſs *Scotiſh* Foe,
* Giving our Heirs in Marriage, that their Dow'rs
May bring invaſion upon us and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolk* ſo the Helm doth guide,
With *Beauford*'s damned Policies ſuppl'd;
He and the Queen in Counſel ſtill confer,
How to raiſe him, who hath advanced her.

But

But my dear Heart, how vainely do I dream,
And fly from thee, whoſe Sorrows are my Theam?
My love to thee, and *England* thus divided,
Which hath the moſt, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to cenſure I am loath,
So near are you, ſo dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ingrateful, and my *El'nor* kind.
But though my Country juſtly I reprove,
Yet I for that, neglected have my love;
Nevertheleſs, thy *Humphry*'s to the now,
As when freſh Beauty triumph'd on thy Brow;
As when thy Graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy Favours might the frankly'ſt boaſt:
Thoſe Beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor;
Of which, though Time hath taken ſome again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle Heart, in thy diſtreſs.
Thou art a Princeſs, not a whit the leſs.
Whilſt in theſe Breaſts we bear about this Life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife.
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But look on thoſe caſt down as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in Woe,
We ſhall exchange when Heav'n will have it ſo;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn,
Woe paſt, may once laugh preſent Woe to ſcorn:

And worſe then hath been, we can never taſt,
Worſe cannot come, then is already paſt:
" In all extream's the only depth of ill,
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah would to God thou couldſt thy Griefs deny,
And on my back let all the Burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſign, make them mine own,
Both in one Carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover, (ver;
And proſp'rous Times blow theſe Misfortunes o-
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed years,
Some new reſemblance of old Joy appears.
Mutual our Care, ſo mutual be our Love,
That our Affliction never can remove:
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelf can give.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant* and *Vernoyle.*

THe three famous Battels fought by the Engliſhmen in France; Agincourt, by Henry the fifth, againſt the whole Power of France; Cravant, fought by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphin of France, and William Stuart, Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by John Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobility of France

France; *Duke* Humphry *an especial Counsellor in all these Expeditions.*

Then *Flanders, Almaine, Bohemi, Burgundy.*

Here remembring the ancient Amity which in his Embassies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, *and* Sigismund *Emperor of* Almain, *drawing the Duke of* Burgoyne *into the same League, giving himself as an Hostage for the Duke at Saint* Omers, *while the Duke came to* Calice, *to confirm the League: With his many other Imployments to forreign Kingdomes.*

That Crosier staff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford *Cardinal of* Winchester, *that proud and haughty Prelate, received the Cardinals Hat at* Calice, *by the Popes Legate; which dignity* Henry *the fifth his Nephew, forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit, unfit for that Robe and Calling.*

The means how *Langley's* Progeny may rise.

As willing to shew the House of Cambridge *to be descended of* Edmund Langley, *Earl of* York, *a younger Brother to* John *of* Gaunt, *his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the Title that the* Yorkists *made to the Crown (from* Lionel *of* Clarence, Gaunts *elder Brother) by the Daughter of* Mortimer.

His Priesthood now stern *Mowbray* doth restore.

Noting the ancient Grudge between the House of Lancaster *and* Norfolk, *ever since* Moubray *Duke of* Norfolk *was banished*

nished, for the Accusation of Henry *Duke of* Harford (*after that, King of* England, *Father to Duke* Humphry:) *Which Accusation, he came as a Combatant, to have made good in the Lists at* Coventry.

Giving our Heirs in Marriage that their Dow'rs.

James Stuart *King of* Scots, *having been long Prisoner in* England, *was released, and took to Wife the Daughter of* John *Duke of* Somerset, *Sister to* John *Duke of* Somerset, *Neice to the Cardinal, and the Duke of* Excester, *and Cousin-German removed to the King: This King broke the Oath he had taken, and became afterward a great Enemy to* England.

FINIS.

WIL-

WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE
Duke of SUFFOLK
TO
Queen MARGARET.

The ARGUMENT.

William De-La-Pool *first Marquess and after created Duke of* Suffolk, *being sent into* France *by King* Henry *the Sixth, concluded a Marriage between the King his Master and* Margaret *Daughter to* Rayner, *Duke of* Anjou, *who only had the Title of King of* Sicily *and* Jerusalem; *This Marriage being made contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsel of the Realm, (by reason of the yielding up of* Anjou *and* Main *into the Dukes hands, which shortly after proved the loss of all* Aquitain, *they ever after bore a continued hatred to the Duke, and (by means of the Commons) banished him at the Parliament at* Bury, *where after he had judgment of his Exile, being then ready to depart, he writes back to the Queen this Epistle.*

IN my disgrace (dear Queen) rest thy Content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolk*'s Banish-
Five years exile were not an hour to me, (ment
But that so soon I must depart from thee;

Where

Where thou 'rt not preſent, it is ever night,
All be exil'd, that live not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Savages which worſhip the Suns riſe,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine Eyes;
The worlds great light, might'ſt thou be ſeen a-broad,
Would at our Noon-ſtead ever make abode,
And force the poor *Antipodes* to mourn,
Fearing leſt he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To live within this Sea-inviron'd Iſle.
Pool's Courage brooks not limiting in Bands,
But that (great Queen) thy Sov'raignty com-mands:
* Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage indure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoop to ev'ry Lure;
Their mounting Brood in open Air doe rove,
Nor will with Crows be coup't within a Grove.
We all do breathe upon this Earthly Ball,
Likewiſe one Heav'n incompaſſeth thus all,
" No Baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
" Who doth retain a true reſolved Mind.
" Man in himſelf a little World doth bear,
" His Soul the Monarch, ever ruling there:
" Where ever then his Body doth remain,
" He is a King, that in himſelf doth reign;
" And never feareth Fortunes hot'ſt Alarms,
" That bears againſt her Patience for his Arms.
* This was the mean proud *Warwick* did invent
To my digrace, at *Leiſter* Parliament.

* That

* That only I, by yielding up of *Main*,
* Should cauſe the loſs of fertile *Aquitain*,
* With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the Heir of good Duke *Humphry*'s Name;
And ſo by Treaſon ſpotting my pure Blood,
Make this a mean to raiſe the *Nevils* Brood.
* With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
* In *York*'s ſtern Breaſt kindling long hidden fire;
* By *Clarence* Title working to ſupplant
* The Eagle Ayrie of great *John* of *Gaunt*:
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the Raſcal Multitude;
* Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying revenge for the Protectors death;
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he muſt be murthered. (Life,
* If they would know who rob'd him of his
* Let them call home Dame *Elinor* his Wife,
* Who with a Taper walked in a Sheet, (Street;
* To light her ſhame at Noon through *London*
* And let her bring her Necromantick Book,
* That foul Hag *Jordan*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrook*,
* And let them call the Spirits from Hell again,
To know how *Humphry* dy'd, and who ſhall reign.
* For twenty years, and have I ſerv'd in *France*,
* Againſt great *Charles* and Baſtard *Orleance*.
And ſeen the Slaughter of a World of Men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
* And have I ſeen *Vernoyle*'s batful Fields, (Shields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand

Where

Where famous *Bedford* did our Fortune try,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the Victory?
The ſad inveſting of ſo many Towns,
Scor'd on my Breaſt in honourable Wounds;
When *Mountacute*, and *Talbot* of much Name,
Under my Enſign both firſt won their Fame:
In Heat and Cold all theſe have I endur'd,
To rouze the *French*, within their Walls immur'd;
Through all my Life, theſe perils have I paſt,
And now to fear a Baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee, refus'd the *Infanta* of *France*,
Brake the Contract Duke *Humphry* firſt did make
'Twixt *Henry* and the Princeſs *Arminack*:
Only that here thy preſence I might gain,
I gave Duke *Rayner*, *Anjou*, *Mauns* and *Main*;
Thy Peerleſs Beauty for a Dower to bring,
As of it ſelf ſufficient for a King: (Pow'rs,
* And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike
* And came my ſelf in perſon firſt to *Tours*,
* Th'Embaſſadours for truce to entertain,
* From *Belgia*, *Denmark*, *Hungary* and *Spain*:
And to the King relating of thy ſtory,
My Tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous Oratory,
As the report by ſpeaking did indite,
Begetting ſtill more raviſhing delight.
And when my Speech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My Look ſhew'd more, that was Angelical;
And when I breath'd again, and pawſed next,
I left mine Eyes dilating on the Text:

Then coming of thy Modesty to tell,
In Musicks numbers my Voice rose and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater Cadences to file,
* By true descent to wear the Diadem
* Of *Naples*, *Cicil* and *Jerusalem*,
As from the Gods thou didst derive thy Birth,
If those of Heaven could mix with these of Earth;
Gracing each Title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epithite:
Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
Beholding thee in my sweet Rhetorick.
A Fifteens Tax in *France* I freely spent,
In Triumphs, at thy Nuptial Tournament;
And solemniz'd thy Marriage in a Gown,
Valu'd at more than was thy Fathers Crown;
And only striving how to honour thee,
Gave to my King what thy love gave to me.
Judge if his kindness have not power to move,
Who for his loves sake gave away his love. (bring,
Had he, which once the Prize to *Greece* did
(Of whom, th'old Poets long ago did sing)
* Seen thee for *England* but imbark'd at *Deep*,
Would over-board have cast his golden Sheep,
As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
To pester room, with such perfection fraught.
The briny Seas, which saw the Ship infold thee,
Would vault up to the Hatches, to behold thee,
And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
Breaking for grief, envying one another:

When

When the proud Bark, for Joy thy ſteps to feel,
Scorn'd that the Brack ſhould kiſs her furrowing (Keel,
And trick'd in all her Flags, her ſelf ſhe braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the ſilver Waves;
When like a Bull from the *Phenician* Strand,
Jove with *Europa* ruſhing from the Land,
Upon the Boſome of the Main doth ſcud,
And with his Swanniſh Breaſt cleaving the Flood,
Tow'rd the fair Fields, upon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenor*'s joy, *Phenicia*'s pride:
All heavenly Beauties joyn themſelves in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine Eye alone;
Which, when it turneth that celeſtial Ball,
A thouſand ſweet Stars riſe, a thouſand fall.

Who juſtly ſaith, mine, Baniſhment to be,
When only *France* for my recours is free?
To view the Plains, where I have ſeen ſo oft
Englands victorious Engines rays'd aloft;
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty *Bedford* forth the Vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the *Frenchmen* fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lye,
Here ſtood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*,
Here *Montacute* rang'd his unconquer'd Band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.

What ſhould we ſit to mourn and grieve all day
For that which Time doth eaſily take away?

What Fortune hurts, let Suff'rance only heal,
" No wiſdom with Extremities to deal.
To know our ſelves to come of humane Birth,
Theſe ſad Afflictions croſs us here on Earth.
A puniſhment from the eternal Law,
To make us ſtill of Heav'n to ſtand in awe.
" In vain we prize that at ſo dear a rate,
" Whoſe long'ſt aſſurance bear's a Minutes date.
" Why ſhould we idly talk of our Intent,
" When Heav'ns Decree no Counſel can prevent?
" When our fore-ſight not poſſibly can ſhun
" That which the Fates determine ſhall be don.
Henry hath Power, and may my life depoſe,
Mine Honour's mine, that none hath power to loſe.
Then be as chearful beautious (Royal Queen)
As in the Court of *France* we oft have been;
* As when arriv'd in *Porceſters* fair Road,
(Where, for our coming, *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine Arms I brought thee ſafe to Land,
And gave my Love to *Henry*'s Royal Hand:
The happy Hours we paſſed with the King
At fair *Southampton*, long in Banqueting;
With ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* Breaſt,
When he to *London* brought thee from the Weſt,
Through golden *Cheap*, when he in Pomp did ride
To *Weſtminſter*, to entertain his Bride.

] ANNOTA-

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle History.

Our Faulkons kind cannot the Cage endure.

HE *alludes, in these Verses, to the Faulcon, which was the ancient Device of the* Pools, *comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this Bird.*

This was the mean proud *Warwick* did invent,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwicks *means, accused* Suffolk *of Treason, and urged the Accusation so vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for five years.*

That only I, by yielding up of *Main*,
Should be the loss of fertile *Aquitain*.

The Duke of Suffolk *being sent into* France, *to conclude a Peace, chose Duke* Rayners *Daughter, the Lady* Margaret, *whom he espoused for* Henry *the sixth; delivering for her, to her Father, the Countries of* Anjou *and* Main, *and the City of* Mauns. *Whereupon the Earl of* Arminack *(whose Daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the* Englishmen *to be expulsed* Aquitain, Gascoyne *and* Guyne.

With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the Heir of good Duke *Humphry's* name.

This Richard, *that was called the great Earl of* Warwick, *when Duke* Humphry *was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the Commons.*

With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
In *York*'s stern Breast kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* Title working to supplant
The Eagle-Airy of great *John* of *Gaunt*.

Richard Plantaginet *Duke of* York, *in the time of* Henry *the Sixth, claymed the Crown (being assisted by this* Richard Nevil, *Earl of* Salisbury, *and Father to the great Earl of* Warwick, *who favoured exceedingly the House of* York,) *in open Parliament, as Heir to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son of* Edward *the Third, making his Title by* Ann *his Mother, Wife to* Richard *Earl of* Cambridge, *Son to* Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* York: *Which* Ann *was Daughter to* Roger Mortimer, *Earl of* March; *which* Roger *was Son and Heir to* Edmund Mortimer, *that married the Lady* Philip, *Daughter and Heir to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third Son of King* Edward: *to whom the Crown, after King* Richard *the Seconds Death, lineally descended, by dying without Issue; and not to the Heir of the Duke of* Lancaster, *that was younger Brother to the Duke of* Clarence. Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.

Urg'd by these envious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling revenge on the Protectors death.

Humphry *Duke of* Glouster, *and Lord Protector, in the five and twentieth year of* Henry *the Sixth, by means of the Queen and the Duke of* Suffolk, *was arrested by the Lord* Beaumont, *at the Parliament holden at* Bury, *and the same Night after murthered in his Bed.*

If

If they would know who rob'd him, &c, *To this Verse,*
To know how *Humphry* dy'd, and who shall reign.

In these Verses he jests at the Protectors Wife, (who being accused and convicted of Treason, because with John Hun, *a Priest,* Roger Bullenbrook, *a Necromancer, and* Margery Jordan, *called the Witch of* Eye, *she had consulted by Sorcery to kill the King) was adjudged to perpetual Imprisonment in the Isle of* Man, *and to do Penance openly, in three publick places in* London.

For twenty years, and have I serv'd in *France?*

In the sixth year of Henry *the Sixth, the Duke of* Bedford *being deceased, then Lieutenant General, and Regent of* France; *this Duke of* Suffolk *was promoted to that Dignity, having the Lord* Talbot, *Lord* Scales, *and the Lord* Mountacute, *to assist him.*

Against great *Charles,* and Bastard *Orleance?*

This was Charles *the Seventh, who after the death of* Henry *the Fifth, obtained the Crown of* France, *and recovered again much of that his Father had lost. Bastard* Orleance *was Son to the Duke of* Orleance, *begotten of the Lord* Cawnies *Wife, preferred highly to many notable Offices, because he being a most valiant Captain, was a continual Enemy to the* Englishmen, *daily infesting them with divers Incursions.*

And have I seen *Vernoyle's* batful Fields.

* Vernoyle *is that noted place in* France, *where the great Battle was fought in the beginning of* Henry *the Sixth his*

Reign, where moſt of the French *Chivalrie were overcome by the Duke of* Bedford.

And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Powers.

Aumerle *is that ſtrong defenced Town in* France, *which the Duke of* Suffolk *got after four and twenty great Aſſaults given unto it.*

And came my ſelf in perſon firſt to *Tours*,
Th'Embaſſadours for Truce to entertain,
From *Belgia*, *Denmark*, *Hungary* and *Spain*.

Tours *is a City in* France, *built by* Brutus, *as he came into* Brittain: *where in the one and twentieth year of the Reign of* Henry *the Sixth, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embaſſadors of the* Empire, Spain, Hungary *and* Denmark, *to intreat for a perpetual Peace to be made between the two Kings of* England *and* France.

By true deſcent to wear the Diadem
Of *Naples*, *Cicil* and *Jeruſalem*.

Rayner, *Duke of* Anjou, *Father to Queen* Margaret, *called himſelf King of* Naples, Cicily *and* Jeruſalem, *having the Title alone of the King of thoſe Countries.*

A fifteenth Tax in *France* I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolk, *after the Marriage concluded between King* Henry *and* Margaret, *Daughter to* Rayner, *asked in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into* England.

Seen thee for *England* but imbarqu'd at *Deep*.

Deep

Deep *is a Town in* France, *bordering upon the Sea, where the Duke of* Suffolk, *with Queen* Margaret, *took Ship for* England.

As when arriv'd at *Porchesters* fair Rhoad.

Porchester, *a Haven Town in the South-West part of* England, *where the King tarried, expecting the Queens arrival; whom from thence he conveyed to* Southampton.

Queen *MARGARET* TO *WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE* Duke of SUFFOLK.

WHat news (sweet *Pool*) look'st thou my (Lines should tell,
But like the toling of the doleful Bell,
Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the Grave?
Expect from me no other news to have. (Throne,
My Breast, which once was Mirths imperial
A vast and desart Wilderness is grown:

Like

Like that cold Region, from the World remote,
On whoſe breem Seas the Icy Mountains flote;
Where thoſe poor Creatures, baniſh'd from the (Light,
Do live impris'ned in continual Night.
No Object greets my Souls internal Eyes,
But Divinations of ſad Tragidies;
And Care takes up her ſolitary Inn,
Where Youth and Joy their Court did once begin.
As in *September*, when our year reſignes
The glorious Sun to the cold Wat'ry Signs,
Which through the Clouds looks on the Earth in (ſcorn;
The little Bird, yet to ſalute the Morn,
Upon the naked Branches ſets her foot,
The Leaves then lying on the Moſſy Root,
And there a ſilly chiripping doth keep, (weep,
As though ſhe fain would ſing, yet fain would
Prayſing fair Summer, that too ſoon is gon,
Or lad for Winter, too faſt coming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Becauſe that Weeping cannot eaſe my Heart.
Now to our aid, who ſtirrs the neighb'ring (Kings?
Or who from *France* a powerful Army brings?
Who moves the *Norman* to abet our War?
* Or brings in *Burgoine* to aid *Lancaſter*?
* Who in the North our lawful Claim commends,
To win us Credit with our valiant Friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret Griefs impart,
Whoſe Breaſt ſhall be the Cloſet of my Heart?

The

The ancient *Heroe's* Fame thou do'lt revive:
As from all them thy self thou didst derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in *Pool* she was too prodigal;
Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heav'n for thee Perfections depth had sought.
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his Orator;
Whose Angel-eye, by pow'rful influence,
Doth utter more than human Eloquence:
That if again *Jove* would his Sports have try'd,
He in thy shape himself would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his Show'r.

* To that allegiance *York* was bound by Oath,
* To *Henry*'s Heirs, for safety of us both;
* No longer now he means Record shall bear it,
* He will dispence with Heav'n, and will unswear it.
He that's in all the Worlds black sins forlorn,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworn;
And here of late his Title hath set down,
By which he makes his Claim unto our Crown.
And now I hear his hateful Dutchess chats,
And rips up their Descent unto her Brats,
And bleffeth them as *Englands* lawful Heirs,
And tells them, that our Diadem is theirs:
And if such hap her Goddess Fortune bring,
* If three Sons fail, she'l make the fourth a King.

* He

* He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
* That foul, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd Stigmatick,
* That like a Carkaſs ſtoln out of a Tomb,
* Came the wrong way out of his Mothers Womb
* With Teeth in's Head, his paſſage to have torn,
* As though begot an Age ere he was born.
Who now will curb proud *York*, when he ſhall
Or arm our Right againſt his Enterpriſe, (riſe?
To crop that Baſtard Weed, which dayly grows,
* To over-ſhadowd our Vermilon Roſe?
* Or who will muzzel that unruly Bear, (fear?
Whoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples Hearts with
Whilſt on his knees this wretched King is down,
To ſave them labour, reaching at his Crown,
Where like a mounting Cedar, he ſhould bear
His plumed Top aloft into the Air;
And let theſe Shurbs ſit underneath his Shrowds,
Whilſt in his Arms he doth imbrace the Clouds.
O, that he ſhould his Fathers Right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mighty Spirit!
How were thoſe pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone
Should ſympathiſe in Generation?
Or what oppoſed influence had force,
So much t'abuſe and alter Natures courſe?
" All other Creatures follow after kind,
" But Man alone doth not beget the Mind.
*My daiſy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes deign'd to wear.
Now in the duſt lies trodden on the ground,
And with *York*'s Garland ev'ry one is crown'd:

When

When now his Riſing waits on our Decline,
And in our Setting, he begins to ſhine;
Now in the Skies that dreadful Comet waves.
* And who be Stars, but *Warwicks* bearded (Staves?
And all thoſe Knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, purſue me with diſpite,
Which moſt have cry'd, God ſave Queen *Mar-* (*garite.*
When Fame ſhall brute thy Baniſhment abroad,
The *Torkiſt's* Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſtern Coaſt,
O, how that ag, Dame *Elinor*, will boaſt!
And labour ſtraight, by all the means ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Iſle of *Man*:
To which I know great *Warwick* will conſent,
To have it done by Act of Parliament,
That to my Teeth my Birth ſhe may defie,
* Sland'ring Duke *Reyner* with baſe Beggery;
The only way ſhe could deviſe to grieve me, (me.
Wanting ſweet *Suffolk*, which ſhould moſt relieve
And from that Stock doth ſprout another Bloom
* A *Kentiſh* Rebel, a baſe upſtart Groom;
* And this is he the White-Roſe muſt prefer,
* By *Clarence* Daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by *Torks* means, this raſcal Peſant, *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſte *Plantaginet* be made:
For that ambitious Duke ſets all on work,
To ſound what Freinds affect the Claim of *York*,
Whilſt

Whilſt he abroad doth practice to command,
* And makes us weak by ſtrength'ning *Ireland*;
More his own power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Than for King *Henries* good, or *Englands* peace.
* Great *Wincheſter* untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my Woes ſhould be increas'd.
Beauford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare up all
The Churches Prop, that famous Cardinal.
The Commons (bent to miſchief) never let,
* With *France* t'upbraid that valiant *Somerſet*,
Rayling in Tumults on his Souldiers loſs;
Thus all goes backward, croſs comes after croſs:
And now of late, Duke *Humphry*'s old Allies,
With baniſh'd *Eleanors* baſe Accomplices, (Crouſe,
Attending their Revenge, grow wound'rous
And threaten Death and Vengeance to our Houſe;
And I alone the laſt poor remnant am,
* 'Tindure theſe ſtorms with woful *Buckingham*.
I pray thee, *Pool*, have care how thou do'ſt paſs,
Never the Sea yet half ſo dangerous was;
* And one fore-told, by Water thou ſhould'ſt dy,
(Ah! foul befall that foul Tongues Propheſie)
Yet I by Night am troubled in my Dreams,
That I do ſee thee toſs'd in dang'rous Streams;
And oft-times Ship-wrack'd, caſt upon the Land,
And lying breathleſs on the queachy Sand;
And oft in Viſions ſee thee in the Night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dang'rous Fight,
And with thy proved Target and thy Sword,
Beat'ſt back the Pyrat which would come aboard.

Yet

Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The trueſt love is moſt ſuſpicious.
Sorrow doth utter what it ſtill doth grieve:
But Hope forbids us, Sorrow to believe;
And in my Counſel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiſs:
Then live in hope, in Triumph to return,
When clearer Days ſhall leave in Clouds to mourn.
But ſo hath Sorrow girt my Soul about, (out,
That that word Hope (me thinks) comes ſlowly
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
Where it might ſtill behold thee in my Breaſt.
Farewel, ſweet *Pool*, fain more I would indite,
But that my Tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Or brings in *Burgoin* to aid *Lancaſter.*

PHilip, *Duke of* Burgoine *and his Son, were always great Favorites of the Houſe of* Lancaſter; *howbeit, they often diſſembled both with* Lancaſter *and* York.

Who in the North, our lawful Claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant Friends?

The chief Lords of the North parts, in the time of Henry *the Sixth, withſtood the Duke of* York *at his Riſing, giving him two great overthrows.*

To

To that Allegeance, *York* was bound by Oath,
To *Henry*'s Heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means Records shall bear it,
He will dispence with Heaven, and will unswear it.

The Duke of York, *at the death of* Henry *the Fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, took his Oath, to be true subject to him and his Heirs for ever: but afterward dispensing therewith, claymed the Crown, as his rightful and proper Inheritance.*

If three Sons fail, she'l make the fourth a King.

The Duke *of* York *had four Sons*; Edward *Earl of* March, *that afterward was Duke of* York, *and King of* England, *when he had deposed* Henry *the Sixth*; *and* Edmund *Earl of* Rutland, *slain by the Lord* Clifford, *at the Battle at* Wakefield; *and* George *Duke of* Clarence, *that was murthered in the Tower*; *and* Richard *Duke of* Glouceſter, *who was (after he had murthered his Brothers Sons) King, by the Name of* Richard *the Third.*

He that's so like his Dam, her youngest *Dick*,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick, *&c.*
Till this Verse, As though begot an age, *&c.*

This Richard *(whom ironically she calls* Dick*) that by Treason, after the murther of his Nephews, obtained the Crown, was a Man low of stature, crook-back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and sowr countenance: His Mother could not be delivered of him; he was born Toothed, and with his Feet forward, contrary to the course of Nature.*

To

To over-shaddow our Vermilion Rose.

The Red Rose was the Badge of the House of Lancaster, *and the White Rose, of* York; *which by the marriage of* Henry *the Seventh with* Elizabeth, *indubitate Heir of the House of* York, *was happily united.*

Or who will muzzle that unruly Bear.

The Earl of Warwick, *the setter up and puller down of Kings, gave for his Arms the White Bear rampant, and the Ragged Staff.*

My daisy flower, which once perfum'd the Air,
Which for my favour Princes dayn'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies, *&c.*

The Daisy in French *is called* Margarite, *which was Queen* Margarets *Badge; wherewithal the Nobility and Chivalry of the Land, at her first arrival, were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of Honour.*

And who be Stars, but *Warwicks* bearded Staves?

The ragged and bearded Staff was a part of the Arms belonging to the Earldom of Warwick.

Sland'ring Duke *Rayner* with base Beggery.

Rayner, *Duke of* Anjou, *called himself King of* Naples, Sicile, *and* Jerusalem, *who had neither Inheritance, nor received any Tribute from those Parts; and was not able, at the Marriage of the Queen, at his own Charge, to send her*

into England, *though he gave no Dower with her: Which, by the Dutchess of* Gloucester, *was often, in disgrace, cast in her Teeth.*

A *Kentish* Rebel, a base upstart Groom.

This was Jack Cade, *which caused the* Kentish *Men to rebel, in the eight and twentieth year of King* Henry *the Sixth.*

And this is he the White Rose must prefer,
By *Clarence* Daughter match'd to *Mortimer.*

This Jack Cade, *instructed by the Duke of* York, *pretended to be descended from* Mortimer, *which married Lady* Philip *Daughter to the Duke of* Clarence.

And makes us weak, by strengthning *Ireland.*

The Duke of York *being made Deputy of* Ireland, *first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthning himself by all means possible, that he might, at his return into* England, *by open War, claim that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtain.*

Great *Winchester* untimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beauford *Bishop and Cardinal of* Wincester, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, favouring mightily the Queen and the* Duke *of* Suffolk, *continually heaping up innumerable Treasures, in hope to have been Pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.*

With *France* t'upbraid the valiant *Somerset.*

Ed-

Edmund *Duke of* Somerſet, *in the four and twentieth year of* Henry *the Sixth, was made Regent of* France, *and ſent into* Normandy, *to defend the* Engliſh *Territories againſt the* French *Invaſions: but in ſhort time he loſt all that King* Henry *the Fifth won; for which cauſe, the Nobles and Commons ever after hated him.*

T'indure theſe ſtorms with woful *Buckingham.*

Humphry *Duke of* Buckingham, *was a great Favorite of the Queens Faction, in the time of* Henry *the Sixth.*

And one foretold, by Water thou ſhouldſt dye.

The Witch of Eye *received anſwer from her Spirit, That the Duke of* Süffolk *ſhould take heed of Water: Which the Queen fore-warns him of, as remembring the Witches Propheſie; which afterwards came to paſs.*

FINIS.

EDWARD the Fourth TO Mistress *SHORE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Edward *the Fourth, Son to* Richard *Duke of* York, *after he had obtained quiet possession of the Crown, by deposing* Henry *the Sixth (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by Crook'd-back* Richard*) hearing by report of many, the rare and wonderful Beauty of Mrs.* Jane Shore *(so called of her Husband a Goldsmith in* Lombard-*Sreet) cometh himself disguised to* London *to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable Beauty, that not long after he robbed her Husband of his dearest Jewel, but he first, by this Epistle writeth to his beauteous Paramour.*

TO thee the fair'st that ever breath'd this Air,
* From *English Edward*, to thee fairest fair:
Ah, would to God thy Title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high desire,
And barr mine Eyes of what they most admire!
O, why

Oh! why ſhould Fortune make the City proud!
To give that more, than is the Court allow'd?
Where they (like Wretches) hoord it up to ſpare,
And do ingroſs it, as they do their Ware.
When Fame firſt blaz'd thy Beauty hear in
Mine Ears repuls'd it as a light Report: (Court,
But when mine Eyes ſaw what mine Ear had
(heard,
They thought Report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumb with wonder, did but mut-
Conceiving more than it had words to utter. (ter,
Then think of what thy Husband is poſſeſt,
When I malign the Wealth wherewith hee's bleſt;
" When much abundance makes the needy mad,
" Who having all, yet knows not what is had;
" Into Fools Boſoms this good fortune creeps,
" And Summs come in, whilſt the baſe Miſer ſleeps.
If now thy Beauty be of ſuch eſteem,
Which all of ſo rare excellency deem;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly State?
Which being now but in ſo mean a Bed,
Is like an un-cut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized Ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamelling;
We ſee the beauty of the Stone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious Ornament of Gilt.
* When firſt attracted by thy heavenly Eyes,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange Diſguiſe,

Paſſing thy Shop, thy Husband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare Jewel I did lack,
I want (thought I) One that I dare not crave,
And One, I fear, thou wilt not let me have,
He calls for Caskets forth, and ſhews me ſtore;
But yet I knew he had one Jewel more,
And deadly curſt him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for Love or Mony buy it.
O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a Luſtre as thine Eye,
Would not my Treaſure ſerve, my Crown ſhould go,
If any Jewel could be prized ſo!
An *Agat*, branched with thy *bluſhing ſtrains*,
A *Saphir*, but ſo *azur'd* as thy *veins*;
My Kingly Scepter only ſhould redeem it,
At ſuch a price if judgement could eſteem it.
How fond and ſenceleſs be thoſe Strangers then
Who bring in Toys, to pleaſe the *Engliſh* men?
I ſmile to think, how fond th' *Italians* are,
To judge their artificial Gardens rare;
When *London* in thy Cheeks can ſhew them here
Roſes and Lillies growing all the year:
The *Portugal*, that only hopes to win,
By bringing Stones from fartheſt *India* in;
When happy *Shore* can bring them forth a Girl,
Whoſe Lips be Rubies, and her Teeth be Pearl.
* How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
* To bring us Cryſtal from the frozen Main?
When thy clear Skins tranſparence doth ſurpaſs
Their Cryſtal, as the Diamond doth Glaſs.

The

The fooliſh *French*, which bring in Traſh and (Toys,
To turn our Women Men, our Girls to Boys,
When with what Tire thou doſt thy ſelf adorn,
That for a Faſhion only ſhall be worn;
Which though it were a Garment but of Hair,
More rich than Robe, that ever Empreſs ware.
Me thinks thy Husband takes his mark awry,
To ſet his Plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy Angel-looks behold,
As the baſe Droſs, do but reſpect his Gold,
And wiſh one Hair, before that maſſy Heap,
And but one Lock, before the Wealth of *Cheap*:
And for no cauſe elſe hold we Gold ſo dear,
But that it is ſo like unto thy Hair.
And ſure I think, *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would find the great *Elixer* out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts, that choke
Themſelves with Fumes, and waſte their Wealth (in Smoke;
When if thy Hand but toucht the groſſeſt Mold,
It is converted to refined Gold:
When their's is barter'd at an eaſie rate,
Well known to all, to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is ſet,
Than paltry Beugle, or light-prized Jeat.
Let others wear Perfumes, for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldſt make all things (ſweet:

Thou comfort'ſt ev'ry Senſe with ſweet repaſt,
To hear, to ſee, to feel, to ſmell, to taſte;
Like a rich Ship, whoſe very refuſe Ware,
Aromaticks, and precious Odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walk into the *Pawn*,
To buy thee Cambrick, Callico and Lawn,
If thou the whiteneſs of the ſame wouldſt prove,
From thy more whiter Hand pluck off thy Glove;
And thoſe which buy, as the Beholders ſtand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawn, Lawn for thy Hand.
A thouſand Eyes, clos'd up by envious Night,
Do wiſh for Day, but to enjoy thy ſight; (thee,
And when they once have bleſt their Eyes with
Scorn ev'ry Object elſe, what ere they ſee;
So, like a Goddeſs, Beauty ſtill controuls,
And hath ſuch pow'rful working in our Souls.
The Merchant, which in Traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a handſom Wife;
The blunt-ſpoke Cynick, poring on his Book,
Sometimes (aſide) at Beauty loves to look;
The Church-man, by whoſe Teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the Marriage Bed;
The bloudy Souldier, ſpent in dang'rous Broyls,
With Beauty yet content to ſhare his Spoils;
The buiſy Lawyer, wrangling in his Pleas,
Findeth, that Beauty gives his Labour eaſe;
The toyling Tradeſ-man, and the ſweating Clown,
Would have his Wench fair, though his Bread be brown;
So much is Beauty pleaſing unto all,
That Prince and Peaſant equally doth call;

Nor

Nor ever yet did any Man deſpiſe it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is Learning, Artleſs be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſev'ral Parts:
Poor plodding School-men they are far too low,
Which by Probations, Rules and Axioms go;
He muſt be ſtill familliar with the Skies,
Which notes the Revolutions of thine Eyes:
And by that skill which meaſure Sea and Land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waſte, thy Foot, thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both ſtrange and new;
And other Worlds of Beauty, more and more,
Which never were diſcovered before:
And to thy rare Proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry;
Uſing alone Arithmeticks ſtrong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:
And when theſe all have done what they can do,
For thy Perfections, all too little too.
When from the Eaſt the Dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeek thee all the World about,
Within thy Chamber hath ſhe fix'd her Light,
Where, but that place, the World hath all been Night:
Then is it fit, that ev'ry vulgar Eye
Should ſee Love banquet in her Majeſty? (quent,
"We deem thoſe things our Sight do moſt fre-
"To be but mean, although moſt excellent;

"For

" For ſtrangers, ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and
(ſtrow'd,
" Few look on ſuch as daily come abroad;
" Things much reſtrain'd, do make us much de-
(ſire them,
" And Beauties ſeldome ſeen, makes us admire
Nor is it fit, a City-ſhop ſhould hide (them.
The Worlds Delight, and Natures only Pride;
But in a Princes ſumptuous Gallery,
Hung all with Tiſſue, floor'd with Tapeſtry;
Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy State ſhalt ſee
The Tilts and Triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to prove)
Betwixt a Vulgar and a Kingly Love; (truth,
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the
Be thou thy ſelf impartial Judge of both.
Where Hearts be knit, what helps, if not injoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no Cunning to be coy;
Whilſt lazy Time his turn by tarriance ſerves,
Love ſtill grows ſickly, and Hope daily ſtarves:
Mean while, receive that Warrant by theſe Lines,
Which Princely Rule and Sov'raignty reſigns;
Till when, theſe Papers, by their Lords com-
(mand,
By me ſhall kiſs thy ſweet and lovely Hand.

ANNOTA-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

THis Epistle of Edward *to Mistres* Shore, *and of hers to him, being of unlawful Affection, ministreth small occasion of Historical Notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the* Lancastrian *Faction and him, or other Warlike Dangers, it had been more like to* Plautus *boasting Souldier, than a Kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amiss to annex a Line, or two.*

From *English Edward* to the fairest fair.

Edward *the Fourth was by nature very Chivalrous, and very Amorous, applying his sweet and aimable Aspect to attain his wanton Appetite the rather: which was so well known to* Lewis *the* French *King, who at their interview invited him to* Paris, *that as* Comineus *reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the* Parisian *Dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit: by which means,* Edward *was disappointed of his Journey. And albeit Princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the Court in those times: For certain it is, that his shape was excellent; his Hair drew near to a black, making the favour of his Face seem more delectable: though the smalness of his Eyes, full of a shining moisture, as it took away some Comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of Understanding, and Cruelty mingled together. And indeed,* George Beucanan *(that imperious* Scot*) chargeth him, and other Princes of those Times, with affection of Tyranny; as* Richard *the third manifestly did.*

When

When first attracted by thy heavenly Eyes.

Edwards *intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his Off-spring were punished, is universally known. A Mirrour, representing their Oversight, that rather leave their Children what to possess, than what to imitate.*

How silly is the *Polander* and *Dane.*
To bring us Crystal from the frozen Main?

Alluding to their Opinions, who imagine Crystal to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent Stone, which is thought to be congealed with extream Cold. Whether Crystal be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute; yet by the examples of Amber and Coral, there may be such an induration: for Solinus *out of* Pliny *mentioneth, That in the Nothern Region a yellow Gelly is taken up out of the Sea at low Tides, which he called* Succinum, *we, Amber; so likewise, out of the* Liguſtic *Deep, a part of the* Mediterranean *Sea, a greenish Stalk is gathered, which hardened in the Air, comes to be Coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of Trees; as appears by* Martials *Epigram:*

Et latet, & lucet, *Phaetontide* condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee inclosed in Electrum, *is not so rare, as that a Boys Throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle, the*

the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4. He calls it Phaetontis Gutta, *because of that Fable which* Ovid *reherseth, concerning the* Heliades, *or* Phaetons *Sisters, metamorphosed into those Trees, whose Gum is Amber, what's Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.*

THE EPISTLE OF Mistress *SHORE* TO King *EDWARD* the Fourth.

AS the weak Child, that from the Mothers (wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At ev'ry Strings soft touch, is mov'd with fear,
Noting his Masters curious list'ning Ear;
Whose trembling Hand, at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set Lesson plays:
As this poor Child, so sit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.

* Would

* Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
* Nor known the name of *Shores* admired Wife,
And liv'd with them, in Countrey fields that range,
Nor seen the golden *Cheap*, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the Skies,
Subject to all Tongues, object to all Eyes:
Oft have I heard my Beauty prays'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
Which common Men do seldom wonder at,
Makes me to think Affection flatters Sight,
Or in the Object something exquisite.
"To housed Beauty seldom stoop's Report,
"Fame must attend on that, which lives in Court.
What Swan of bright *Apollo's* Brood doth sing,
To vulgar Love, in Courtly Sonneting?
Or what immortal Poets sacred Pen
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft have I wondred, what should blind your Eye,
Or what so far seduced Majesty,
That having choice of Beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Suns adorn fair *Londons* pride,
Then all rich *Englands* Continent beside;
That who t'account their Multitudes, would wish,
* Might number *Rumney's* Flowers, or *Isis* Fish.
Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and (Streets,
Noting the sundry Beauties that he meets,

Thinks

Thinks not, that Nature left the wide World poor,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore:
As Heav'n and Earth had lately faln at jars,
And grown to vying Wonders, dropping Stars:
That if but ſome one Beauty ſhould incite
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome raviſh'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true *Promethian* fire,
That after-Ages ſhould his Lines admire;
Gathering the Hony from the choiceſt Flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd Weeds in Country Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (only) ſprings the Roſe,
In ev'ry common Hedge the Bramble grows;
Nor are we ſo turn'd *Neapolitan*,
* That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects,
And have juſt cauſe to rail upon our Sex;
To prank old Wrinckles up in new Attire,
To alter Natures courſe, prove time a Lyer,
To abuſe Fate, and Heav'ns juſt Doom reverſe,
On Beauties Grave to ſet a Crimſon Hearſe;
With a deceitful Foil to lay a ground,
To make a Glaſs to ſeem a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name,
In Faſhion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantaſtick *French* to imitate,
Attir'd half *Spaniſh*, half *Italionate*;
With Waſte, nor Curl, Body nor Brow adorn,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genoa* born.
But with vain boaſts how witleſs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own Indignity?

And

And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to Love belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the room,
Crop'd Beauties Flower when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the Store,
Whilſt others glean, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares ſwear, that I am true and juſt,
And ſhall I then deceive his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſail,
Where the ſtrong'ſt Batt'ry never could prevail?
Be like you think, that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leave a King the Conqueſt of my Breaſt,
And have thus long preſerv'd my life from all,
To have a Monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vileſt death,
Than live to draw that ſin-polluted breath.
But our kind Hearts, Mens Tears cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know Men what our Creation made us,
And Nature too well taught them to invade us:
They but too well, know how, what, when, and
To write, to ſpeak, to ſue, and to forbear, (where,
By ſigns, by ſighs, by motions, and by tears,
When Vows ſhould ſerve, when Oaths, when
(Smiles, when Prayers.
What one Delight our Humors moſt doth move,
Only in that you make us nouriſh Love.
If any natural blemiſh blot our Face,
You do proteſt, it gives our Beauty grace;

And

And what Attire we moſt are us'd to wear,
That, of all other, excellent'ſt, you ſwear:
And if we walk, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Diety;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That are you ever ſounding in our ear;
And yet ſo ſhameleſs, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on Beauty and on us.
Romes wanton *Ovid* did thoſe Rules impart,
O, that your Nature ſhould be help'd with Art!
(reign,
Who would have thought, a King that cares to
Inforc'd by Love, ſo Poet-like ſhould feign?
To ſay that Beauty, Times ſtern rage to ſhun,
In my Cheeks (Lillies) hid her from the Sun;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt, and here ſhe broke her Day:
And that fair Summer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the World is Night;
As though the fair'ſt ere ſince the World began,
To me, a Sun-burnt baſe *Egyptian*.
But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well!)
That Women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publickly not flat'ring their own praiſe.
Our churliſh Husbands, which our Youth injoy'd,
Who with our Dainties have their ſtomacks cloy'd,
Do loath, our ſmooth Hands with their Lips to
T'inrich our Favours, by our Beds to kneel, (feel,

At our Command to wait, to send, to go,
As ev'ry Hour our amorous servants do;
Which makes, a stoln Kiss often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe,
When he all day torments us with a Frown,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a Bed of Down:
Whose rude imbracement but too ill beseems
Her span-broad Waste, her white and dainty (Limbs;
And yet still preaching abstinence of Meat,
When he himself of ev'ry Dish will eat.
Blame you our Husbands then, if they deny
Our publique Walking, our loose Liberty?
If with exception still they us debarr
* The Circuit of the publique Theater;
To hear the Poet in a Comick strain,
Able t'infect with his lascivious Scene;
And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud
The slie perswasion of some subtil Bawd;
Or passionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Love-sick Passion on the Stage:
When though abroad restraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us safe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich Prizes soonest tempt a Thief.
What Sports have we, whereon our minds to set?
Our Dogg, our Parat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleasure that these Toys do yield,

But

But to this grief a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet Liberty;
And Soveraignty (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that Honour which doth moſt intice
The holi'ſt Nun, and ſhe that's ne're ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtrive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy and poor women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe, *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelf am ſtrange,
Thy coming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou abſent, be a year.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me love even in the midſt of hate.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life.
Not known the name of *Shores* admired wife.

TWo or three Poems written by ſundry men, have magnified this Womans Beauty; whom, that ornament of England, *and* Londons *more particular glory, Sir* Thomas Moor, *very highly hath praiſed her for beauty, ſhe being alive. in his time, though poor and aged. Her Stature was*

mean, her Hair of a dark yellow, her Face round and full, her Eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her Body fat, white, and smooth, her Countenance chearful, and like to her Condition. That Picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her Bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich Mantle, cast under one Arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a Chair, on which her naked Arm did lie. What her Fathers name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: But Shore, *a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour abandoned her Bed, after the King had made her his Concubine.* Richard *the Third causing her to do penance in* Pauls *Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her, which the Tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his Brothers life odious, he might cover his horrible Treasons the more cunningly.*

May number *Rumneys* Flowers or *Isis* Fish.

Rumney *is that famous Marsh in* Kent, *at whose side* Rie, *a Haven Town, doth stand. Hereof the excellent* English *Antiquary, Master* Camden, *and Master* Lambert *in his Perambulation, do make mention. And Marshes are commonly called those low Grounds which abut upon the Sea, and from the* Latin *word are so denominated.* Isis *is here used for* Thamesis *by a* Synecdockical *kind of speech, or by a Poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said, that* Thamesis *is compounded of* Tame *and* Isis, *making when they are met, that renowned Water running by* London; *a City much more renowned than that Water: Which being plentiful of Fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am perswaded, that there is no River in the World beholds more stately Buildings on either side, clean throw, than the* Thames. *Much is reported of the Grand* Canale *in* Venice, *for that the Fronts on either side are so gorgeous.*

That

That might intice some foul-mouth'd *Mantuan.*

Mantuan, *a Pastoral Poet, in one of his Eclogues bitterly inveyeth against Womankind; some of the which, by way of an Appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantastick and insolent Humors of many of that Sex, deserve much sharper Physick, were it not, that they are grown wiser, than to amend for such an idle Poets speech as* Mantuan, *yea, or for* Euripides *himself, or* Seneca's *inflexible* Hippolitus.

The Circuit of the publick Theatre:

Ovid, *a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectarie, calls that place, Chastities Shipwrack; for though* Shores *Wife wantonly pleads for Liberty, which is the true humor of a Citizen; yet much more is the praise of Modesty, than of such Liberty. Howbeit the Vestal Nuns had Seats assigned them in the* Roman *Theatre: Whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to Modesty; though they offending therein, were buried quick: A sharp Law for them, who may say as* Shores *Wife does:*

When though abroad restraining us to rome,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.

FINIS.

Mary the French Queen TO *Charles Brandon* Duke of *Suffolk.*

The ARGUMENT.

Mary, *the Daughter of that Renowned Prince King* Henry *the Seventh, being very young at her Fathers death, was after by her Brother King* Henry *the Eight, given in marriage to* Lewis *King of* France, *being a man old and decrepit; This fair and beautiful Lady, long before had placed her Affections on* Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk, *a brave and couragious young Gentleman, and an especial Favorite of the King her Brother, and a Man raised by him. King* Lewis *the Husband of the beautiful Queen died not long after he was married, and* Charles Brandon *having Commission from the King to bring her back to* England, *but being delayed by some sinister means, the French Queen writeth this Epistle to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to* France.

SUch health from Heav'n my self may wish to me,
Such health from *France* Queen *Mary* sends to thee.

Brandon

Brandon, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we Women brook delay?
If one poor Channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind) what would an Ocean do?
Leander had an *Helleſpont* to ſwim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him; (Oares,
His Bark (poor Soul) his Breaſt; his Arms his
But thou a Ship to land thee on our Shores:
And oppoſite to famous *Kent*, doth lie
The pleaſant Fields of flowry *Picardy*,
Where our fair *Callice*, walled in her Sands,
In kenning of the Cliffy *Dover* ſtands.
Here is no Bedlam Nurſe, to pout nor lour,
When wantoning, we revel in my Towre;
Nor need I top my Turret with a Light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by Night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half ſo kind,
Thy Sighs ſhould ſtuff thy Sails, though wanting (Wind;
But ah thy Breaſt's becalm'd, thy Sighs be ſlack,
And mine too ſtiff, and blow thy broad Sayls back,
Perhaps thou'lt ſay, that I ſhould blame the Flood,
Becauſe the Wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood;
Nay blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee that thou wait ſo ſlow;
Think not it came to keep thee in the Bay,
T'was ſent from me, to bid thee come away:
But that thou vainly let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt have wafted hither with the Tide.

If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry Brow,
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou haſt broke thy Vow;
Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, have care thy Ship to (guide,
Come, my ſweet Heart, in Faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his lovely Queen,
In ſad Attire for my depart were ſeen,
* The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
* When I from *Dover* did depart away;
Thou know'ſt what Woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd, of thee my leave to take;
God and thou know'ſt, with what an heavy heart
I took my farwel, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd gave ſignal with my Hand
Up to the Cliff, where I did ſee thee ſtand;
Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,
But cry'd to thee, Sweet *Charles*, adieu, adieu.
Look how a little Infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creeps,
And there (poor Soul) it ſits it down and weeps;
And when the Nurſe would fain content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mourns, for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful Cabbin did I lye,
When as the Ship out of the Road did flie. (thee,
* Think'ſt thou my Love was faithful then to
When young *Caſtle* to *England* ſu'd for me?

Be judge thy self, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my Dower.
To *Englands* Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in *France* didst revel with the King,
* When he in triumph of his victory,
* Under a rich imbroid'red Canopy,
* Entred proud *Tourney*, which did trembling
To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand; (stand,
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd?
But see, this calm was suddenly destroy'd.
* When *Charles* of *Castile* there to banquet came,
* With him his Sister, that ambitious Dame,
* *Savoy's* proud Dutches, knowing how long she
* All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vows acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
* When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold,
She often did thee in her Arms enfold;
Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Than *Cleopatra* did *Mark Anthony*,
Where sports all day did intertain your sight,
And then in Masks you pass'd away the night,
But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous:
"I must confess 'tis oft found in our Sex,
"But who not love, not any thing suspects:
"True love doth look with pale suspitious eye,
"Take away love, if you take jealousie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* took,
For this great change who then did ever look?

When

* When *Maximilian* to thoſe wars addreſt,
* Wore *Englands* Croſs on his Imperial breaſt,
* And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
* That view'd our Enſigns with a wond'ring Eye,
Little thought I when *Bullen* firſt was won,
Wedlock ſhould end, what angry War begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
* But this alone by *Wolſeies* wit was wrought.
To his advice the King gave free conſent;
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My Virgins right, thy ſtate could not advance,
But now enriched with the Dower of *France*;
Then, but poor *Suffolk*'s Dutcheſs had I been,
Now, the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian (Queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of *France* had my Virginity,
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Believe me, *Brandon*, he had ſcarcely that:
Good feeble King, he could not do much harm,
But Age muſt needs have ſomething that is warm;
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat-
" When all the ſtrength is only in deſire. (leſs fire.
And I could tell (if Modeſty might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth Lovers well;
To reſt his Cheek, upon my ſofter Cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeek;
So might the little Baby clip the Nurſe,
And it content, ſhe never a whit the worſe:

Then

Then think this, *Brandon*, if that make thee (frown,
He on my Head, for Maydenhead, set a Crown.
Who would not change, a Kingdom for a Kiss?
Hard were the Heart that would not yield him this;
And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,
Nor yet full five Months elder then I was.
When thou to *France* conducted wast by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries (came,
To see me at Saint *Dennis* on my Throne,
Where *Lewes* held my Coronation;
* Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake;
* Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;
When as the Staves upon thy Cask did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,
And spake aloud, when I my self forgot,
'Tis my sweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceived this,
Good silly Man, I pleas'd him with a Kiss,
And to extoll his valiant Son began,
That *Europe* never bred a braver Man;
And when (poor King) he simply praised thee
Of all the rest I ask'd, which thou shouldst be?
Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake,
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old King upon a Pallat lies,
And only holds a combat with mine Eyes;

Mine

Mine Eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtoln away,
Which might too well their Miſtreſs Thoughts (bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud unconquer'd Launce
To bear the Prize from all the flow'r of *France*;
To ſee what pleaſure did my Soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be diſcerned in my Face.
Look, as the Dew upon a Damask Roſe, (ſhows,
How through that liquid Pearl his bluſhing
And when the gentle air breaths on his top,
From the ſweet Leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my Cheek, diſtilling from mine Eyes,
One Tear for Joy anothers Room ſupplies. (prove.
Before mine Eye (like Touch) thy ſhape did
Mine Eye condemn'd my too too partial Love;
But ſince by others I the ſame do try,
My Love condemns my too too partial Eye.
The precious ſtone, moſt beautiful and rare,
When with it ſelf we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we only ſee;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our Eye,
Which then appears more orient, and more bright,
Having a Foyl whereon to ſhew its light.
Alanſon, a fine timb'red Man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withal;
Vandome good Carriage, and a pleaſing Eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolk*'s Princely Majeſty;

Couragious

Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet Manly Face,
Yet in his Looks lacks *Brandon*'s Courtly Grace.
Proud *Longavile* ſuppos'd to have no Peer, (here.
A man ſcarce made was thought, whilſt thou waſt
The Count *Saint-Paul*, our beſt at Arms in *France*,
Would yield himſelf a Squire, to bear thy Lance.
* *Galleas* and *Bounarm*, matchleſs for their (might;
_____,
Under thy towring Blade have couch'd in fight.
If with our Love my Brother angry be,
I'le ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his mind.
Never to thee had I been half ſo kind,
Worthy my love, the Vulgar judge no man.
Except a *Torkiſt* or *Lancaſtrian*;
Nor think, that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I mind not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſt and come away.
To thee what's *England*, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I ſhould gladly ſmile.
When laſt of me, his leave my *Brandon* took,
He ſware an Oath (and made my Lips the Book)
He would make haſt which now thou do'ſt denie;
Thou art forſworn: O wilful Perjury!
Sooner would I with greater ſins diſpence,
Than by intreaty pardon this Offence.

But

But then I think, if I ſhould come to ſhrive thee,
Great were the Fault that I ſhould not forgive
Yet wert thou here, I ſhould revenged be, (thee,
But it ſhould be with too much loving thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt fear to taſte; (haſt.
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for *Dover* did depart away.

KIng Henry *the Eight, with the Queen and Nobles, in the ſixth year of his Reign, in the Month of* September, *brought this Lady to* Dover, *where ſhe took ſhipping for* France.

Think'ſt thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young *Caſtile* to *England* ſu'd for me.

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry *the ſeventh and* Philip *King of* Caſtile, *Son to* Maximilian *the Emperor, That* Charles *eldeſt Son of the ſaid* Philip, *ſhould marry the Lady* Mary, *Daughter to King* Henry, *when they came to age: Which agreement was afterwards in the eight year of* Henry *the Eight, annihilated.*

When he, in triumph of his Victory,
Under a rich imbroyd'red Canopy,
Entred proud *Turney*, which did trembling ſtand, *&c.*

Henry

Henry *the Eight, after the long Siege of* Turney, *which was delivered to him upon composition, entred the City in Triumph, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, born by four of the Chief and most Noble Citizens; the King himself mounted upon a gallant Courser barbed with the Arms of* England, France *and* Ireland.

When *Charles* of *Castile* there to banquet came,
With him, his Sister, that ambitious Dame,
Savoy's proud Dutchess.

The King being at Turney, *there came to him the Prince of* Castile, *and the Lady* Margaret, *Dutches of* Savoy, *his Sister, to whom King* Henry *gave great intertainment.*

Savoy's proud Dutchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was speech of a Marriage to be concluded, between Charles Brandon, *then Lord* Lisle, *and the Dutchess of* Savoy; *the Lord* Lisle *being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the Dutchess.*

When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold.

The King caused a rich Tent of Cloth of Gold to be erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, *and the Dutchess, and entertained them with sumptuous Masks and Banquets, during their abode.*

When *Maximilian* to those Wars adrest,
Wore *Englands* Cross on his Imperial Breast.

Maximilian

Maximilian *the Emperor, with all his Souldiers, which ſerved under King* Henry, *wore the Croſs of Saint* George, *with the Roſe on their Breaſts.*

And in our Army let his Eagle flie.

The black Eagle is the Badge Imperial, which here is uſed for the diſplaying of his Enſign, or Standard.

That view'd our Enſigns with a wond'ring Eye.

Henry *the Eighth, at his Wars in* France, *retained the Emperor and all his Souldiers in Wages, which ſerved under him during thoſe Wars.*

But this alone by *Wolſey's* wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolſey *the Kings Almoner, then Biſhop of* Lincoln, *a Man of great Authority with the King, and afterward Cardinal, was the chief cauſe that this Lady* Mary *was married to the old* French *King, with whom the* French *had dealt under-hand, to befriend him in that Match.*

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy Valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, *Duke of* Valoys, *and Dolphin of* France, *at the Marriage of the Lady* Mary, *in honour thereof proclaimed a Juſts; where he choſe the Duke of* Suffolk *and the Marqueſs of* Dorſet *for his aids, at all Martial Exerciſes.*

Galeas and *Bomarme*, matchleſs for their might:

This

This Count Galeas at the Justs ran a Course with a Spear, which was at the Head five inches square on every side, and at the But nine Inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This Bournarm, *a Gentleman of* France, *at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten Spears about him: in each Stirrop three, under each Thigh one, one under his left Arm, and one in his Hand; and putting his Horse to the Carter, never stopped him till he had broken every Staff.* Hall.

Charles Brandon Duke of *Suffolk*

TO

Mary the French Queen

BUT that my Faith commands me to forbear;
The fault's your own, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving Lines to read.
Here in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that Creature only feed on Air;
All Day I wait, and all the Night I watch,
And starve mine Ears, to hear of my dispatch.
If *Dover* were th' *Abydos* of my Rest,
Or pleasant *Calice* were my *Maries Cest*,

You ſhould not need, bright Queen, to blame me
Did not the Diſtance, to Deſire ſay no: (ſo,
No tedious Night from Travel ſhould be free,
Till through the Seas, with ſwimming ſtill to
A ſnowy Path I made unto thy Bay, (thee,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtained Way.
The reſtleſs Sun by travelling doth wear,
Paſſing his Courſe, to finiſh up the Year;
But *Paris* locks my Love, within the Main,
And *London* yet thy *Brandon* doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my Faith, not one word can I find.
* When *Longavile* to *Mary* was affy'd,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewis*'s Bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a Prize might'ſt be,
That I in Arms might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſs of my love diſtraught,
A thouſand times his Murther have fore-thought:
" But that th' all-ſeeing Pow'rs, which ſit above,
" Regard not Mad-mens Oaths, nor faults in Love,
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of Heaven,
" That Lovers ſins on Earth ſhould be forgiven;
" For never Man is half ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loves to ſee his Love poſſeſs'd.
Coming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond*, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and deſolate,
In whoſe fair walks, thou often haſt been ſeen,
To ſport with *Cath'rine*, *Henries* beautious Queen,

Aſtoniſhing

Aſtoniſhing ſad Winter with thy ſight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the ſmall Birds, as in the pleaſant Spring,
Forgot themſelves, and have begun to ſing.
So oft as I by *Thames* go and return,
Me thinks for thee the River yet doth mourn,
Whom I have ſeen to let his Stream at large,
Which like an Hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the Flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in Drops upon the labouring Oares,
For joy that it had got thee from the Shoares.
The Swans with muſick that the Rowers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the Lake,
As the ſwift Dolphins by *Arions* ſtrings,
Were brought to Land with Syren raviſhings;
The flocks and heards that paſture near the Flood,
To gaze on thee, have oft forborn their food,
And ſat down ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to ſwim.
When as the Poſt to *Englands* Royal Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
* How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd Ships were toſt,
And thou thy ſelf in danger to be loſt:
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged Bed,
Where Beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeen, their Goddeſs ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Dove-drawn Coach about,
To view the Navy then in lanching out,

Her ayrie Mantle looſely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Waſted thy Sails with ſpeed unto the Land,
And ran thy Ships on *Bullins* harb'ring ſtrand.
How ſhould I joy of thy arrive to hear?
But as a poor Sea-faring paſſenger,
After long travail, tempeſt torn and wrack'd,
By ſome unpitty'ng Pyrat that is lack'd;
Hears the falſe Robber that hath ſtoln his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe Harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable ſtore,
For which he long had travelled before. (day,
* When thou to *Abvile* held'ſt th' appointed
We heard how *Lewis* met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
* Appear'dſt unto him like the Queen of Light;
In Cloath of Silver, all thy Virgin Train,
In Beauty ſumptuous, as the Nothern Wain;
And thou alone the foremoſt glorious Star,
Which led'ſt the Team of that great *Waggoner*.
What could thy Thought be, but as I did think,
When thine Eyes taſted what mine Ears did drink?
* A cripple King, layd bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming, crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no leggs to go,
But this thy Beauty forc'd his Body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden Bed, a gallant Queen.
To uſe thy Beauty, as the Miſer Gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;

Still

Sill looking on it with a jealous Eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving Usury:
O Sacriledge (if Beauty be divine)
The prophane Hand to touch the hallowed Shrine!
To surfeit sickness on the sound mans Diet,
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet.
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little Child. (*Grays*

* When Marquess *Dorset*, and the valiant
To purchase Fame, first crost the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my Associates went,
In honour of thy Nuptial Tournament;
Think'st thou I joy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
(ride?

* When thou in Triumph didst through *Paris*
Where all the Streets, as thou didst pace along,
With Arras, Biss, and Tapestry were hung;
Ten thousand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich Attire thy Princely self to guard:
Next them, three thousand choice Religious Men,
In golden Vestments follow'd on agen;
And in Procession as they came along,
With *Hymen* sweetly sang thy Marriage Song,
* Next these, five Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a Princely Cardinal;
Then thou, on thy Imperial Chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet;
Whilst the *Parisian* Dames, as thy Train past,
Their precious incense in abundance cast.

As *Cynthia*, from her wave-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the Weſt, comes ſtreaming through the (Clouds,
With ſhining Troops of Silver-treſſed Stars,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer Lights about her Throne,
With admiration ſtand as lookers on;
Whilſt ſhe alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her Sphere doth glide.
When on the Tilt my Horſe like Thunder came,
No other Signal had I, but thy Name; (Eyes,
Thy Voyce my Trumpet, and my Guide thine
And but thy Beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
* That large lim'd *Almain* of the Giants Race,
Which bare ſtrength on his Breaſt, fear in his Face,
Whoſe ſinew'd Arms, with his ſteel-temper'd Blade,
Through Plate and Male ſuch open paſſage made,
Upon whoſe Might the *Frenchmens* glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his Knee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoil to thee,
But thou wilt ſay, perhaps, I vainly boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou already know'ſt.
No ſacred Queen, my Valour I deny,
It was thy Beauty, not my Chivalry:
One of thy treſſed Curls there falling down,
As loath to be impriſoned in thy Crown,
I ſaw the ſoft Ayr ſportively to take it,
And into ſtrange and ſundry forms to make it;

Now

Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twiſting it, then it untwiſt again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine Eye,
A Sunny Candle for a golden Fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a Star had ſhot,
My up-turn'd Eye purſu'd it with my Sight,
The which again redoubled all my Might.
'Tis but in vain, of my Deſcent to boaſt;
When Heav'ns Lamp ſhines, all other Lights be loſt;
Faulcons ſeem poor, the *Eagle* ſitting by,
Whoſe Brood ſurveyes the Sun with open Eye:
* Elſe might my blood find Iſſue from his force,
* Who beat the Tyrant *Richard* from his Horſe
On *Boſworth* Plain, whom *Richmond* choſe to wield
His glorious Enſign in that conqu'ring Field;
And with his Sword, in his dear Sov'reigns fight,
To his laſt breath ſtood faſt in *Henries* Right.
Then, beautious Empreſs, think this ſafe delay,
Shall be the Even to a joyful Day:
"Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all advantage lye,
"Wiſe-men give place forc'd by neceſſity;
"To put back ill, our good we muſt forbear,
"Better firſt fear, then after ſtill to fear.
'Twere over-ſight in that, at which we aim,
To put the Hazzard on an after-Game;
With patience then let us our Hopes attend,
And till I come, receive theſe Lines I ſend.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

When *Longavile* to *Mary* was affy'd.

THe Duke of Longavile, *who was Prisoner in* England, *upon the Peace to be concluded between* England *and* France, *was delivered, and married to the Princess* Mary, *for* Lewis *the* French *King, his Master.*

How in a storm thy well-ri'd Ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queen sayled for France, *a mighty storm arose at Sea, so that the Navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the Coast of* Flanders, *some on* Brittain: *the Ship wherein the Queen was driven into the Haven at* Bullen, *with very great danger.*

When thou to *Abvile* held'st th'appointed day.

King Lewis *met her by* Abvile, *near to the Forrest of* Arders, *and brought her into* Abvile *with great Solemnity.*

Appeard'st unto him like the Queen of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous Attye of the Queen and her Train, attended by the chief of the Nobility of England, *with six and thirty Ladies, all in Cloth of Silver, their Horses trapped with Crimson Velvet.*

A cripple

A cripple King, laid Bedrid long before.

King Lewis *was a man of great years troubled much with the Gout, ſo that he had long time before little uſe of his Legs.*

When Marques *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Grayes*.

The Duke of Suffolk, *when the Proclamation came into* England, *of Juſts to be holden in* France *at* Paris; *he, for the Queens ſake, his Miſtreſs, obtained of the King to go thither: With whom, went the Marqueſs* Dorſet, *and his four Brothers, the Lord* Clinton, *Sir* Edward Nevil, *Sir* Giles Capel, Thomas Cheyney, *which went all over with the Duke, as his Aſſiſtants.*

When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride.

A true deſcription of the Queens entring into Paris, *after her Coronation performed at* St. Denis.

Then five great Dukes, as did their Places fall.

The Dukes of Alanſon, Burbon, Vandom, Longavile, Suffolk, *with five Cardinals.*

That larg-lim'd *Almain*, of the Giants Race.

Francis Valoys, *the Dolphin of* France, *envying the glory that the* Engliſh *Men had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an* Almain *ſecretly, a Man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, which incountred* Charles Brandon *at the Barriers: but the Duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the*

Head,

Head with the Pummel of his Sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my Blood find issue from his force,
Who beat &c.

Sir William Brandon, *Standard bearer to the Earl of* Richmond, *(after* Henry *the Seventh) at* Bosworth-*Field, a brave and gallant Gentleman, who was slain by* Richard *there, this was Father to this* Charles Brandon, *Duke of* Suffolk.

FINIS.

Henry

Henry Howard Earl of *Surrey* TO THE Lady *GERALDINE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Henry Howard *that truly noble Earl of* Surrey, *and excellent Poet, falling in love with* Geraldine *descended of the Noble Family of the* Fitzs-Gerarlds *of* Ireland, *a fair and modest Lady and one of the honourable Maids to Queen* Catharine *Dowager, eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems of rare and sundry inventions, and after some few years being determined to see* Italy, *that famous Source and Helicon of all excellent Arts, first visiteth the renowned City of* Florence, *from whence the* Geralds *challenge their descent from the ancient Family of the* Geraldi: *there in honour of his Mistress he advanceth her Picture, and challengeth to maintain her Beauty by deeds of Arms against all that durst appear in the Lists, where after the proof of his incomparable valour, whose Arms crowned her Beauty with eternal Memory, he writeth this Epistle to his dearest Mistresi.*

*FRom learned *Florence*, (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy Race, thy noble Grandsiers came
To

To famous *England*, that kind Nurſe of mine,
Thy *Surrey* ſends to heav'nly *Geraldine*:
Yet let not *Tuſcan* think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my Native Tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd Cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo near the Muſes ſacred Spring;
But rather think it ſelf adorn'd thereby,
That *England* reads the praiſe of *Italy*.
Though to the *Tuſcans* I the ſmoothneſs grant,
Our Dialect no Majeſty doth want,
To ſet thy praiſes in as high a Key,
As *France*, or *Spain*, or *Germany* or they,
That day I quit the Fore-land of fair *Kent*,
And that my Ship her courſe for *Flanders* bent,
With what regret and how heavy a look,
My leave of *England* and of thee I took,
I did intreat the Tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one ſigh back to thee.
Up to the Deck a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and down again it ſlips;
Into the Gulf, it ſelf it headlong throws,
And as a Poſt to *England*-ward it goes.
As I ſate wondring how the rough Seas ſtir'd,
I might far off perceive a little Bird,
Which as ſhe fain from Shore to Shore would flie,
Had loſt her ſelf in the broad vaſty Skie,
Her feeble Wing beginning to deceive her,
The Seas, of life, ſtill gaping to bereave her;
Unto the Ship ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcovers,
And there (poor fool) a while for refuge hovers;

And when at length her flagging Pinnion fails,
Painting she hangs upon the ratling Sails,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, she strait lights on again,
(with weather,
And tos'd with flaws, with storms, with wind,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
(bear,
Now with the Poop, now with the Prow doth
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there;
Me thinks these Storms should be my sad depart;
The silly helpless Bird is my poor heart,
The Ship, to which for succor it repairs,
That is your self, regardless of my cares.
Of every Surge doth fall, or Waves doth rise,
To some one thing I fit and moralize.
When for thy love, I left the *Belgick* Shore,
Divine *Erasmus*, and our famous *More*,
Whose happy presence gave me such delght,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I staid at *Roterdam*.
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet every hour did seem an Age of time,
Till I had seen that sole-reviving Clime,
And though the foggy *Netherlands* unfit,
A watry Soil to clog a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I past,
Coming unto the Emperors Court at last,
* Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,

When

When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a Glass my *Geraldine* did show,
Sick in thy Bed, thy Eyes had banish'd sleep,
By a Wax Taper set the Light to keep,
I do remember thou did'st read that Ode,
Sent back whilst I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of Love,
Ev'n in thine Eyes I saw how passion strove;
That Snowy Lawn which covered thy Bed,
Me thought look'd white to see thy Cheek so red,
Thy Rosy Cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawn so white;
The little Taper which should give thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimn, to see thine Eye so bright;
Thine Eye again supply'd the Tapers turn,
And with his Beams more brightly made it burn,
The shrugging Ayr about thy Temples hurls,
And wrapt thy Breath in little clowded curls,
And as it did ascend, it strait did seize it,
And as it sunk, it presently did raise it;
Canst thou by sickness banish Beauty so?
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go,
To make her shift, and for her succour seek,
To every rivel'd Face, each bankrupt Cheek.
"If health preserv'd, thou Beauty still do'st che-
"If that neglected, Beauty soon doth perish. (rish,
Care draws on Care, Woe comforts Woe again,
Sorrow breeds Sorrow, one Grief brings forth
If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I, (twain:
If live, I live, and if thou die, I die,

One Heart, one Love, one Joy, one Grief, one (Troth,
One Good, one Ill, one Life, one Death to both.
If *Howards* blood thou hold'ſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of *Norfolks* Princely Stile,
If *Scotlands* Coat no mark of Fame can lend,
* That *Lyon* plac'd in our bright *Silver bend.*
Which as a Trophy beautifies our Shield,
* Since Scotiſh Blood diſcolour'd *Floden* field;
When the Proud *Cheviot* our brave Enſign bare,
As a rich Jewel in a Ladies Hair,
And did fair *Bramſtons* neigbouring Vallies choke
With Clouds of Canons, fire diſgorged Smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earldom inſufficient be,
And not a Dower ſo well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollo's* Heirs,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs,
By Princes my immortal lines are ſung,
My flowing Verſes grac'd with ev'ry Tongue;
The little Children when they learn to go,
By painful Mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my gentle Numbers to rehearſe,
And have their ſweet Lips ſeaſon'd with my Verſe,
When Heav'n would ſtrive to do the beſt it can,
And put an Angels Spirit into a Man,
The utmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the Gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd only thus:

Whom

Whom they, in Birth, ordain to happy days,
The Gods commit their Glory to our praise;
T'eternal Life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second Pow'r by Death.

(Gray,

When Time shall turn those Amber Locks to
My Verse again shall guild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted Curls anew,
And to thy Autumn give a Summers hiew;
That sacred Pow'r that in my Ink remains,
Shall put fresh Bloud into thy wither'd Veins,
And on thy Red decay'd, thy Whiteness dead,
Shall set a White, more White, a Red more Red:
When thy dim Sight thy Glass cannot descry,
Nor thy craz'd Mirrour can discern thine Eye;
My Verse, to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine Eye and Glass:
Where both thy Mirrour and thine Eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If *Florence* once should lose her old renown,
As famous *Athens*, now a Fisher-Town;
My Lines for thee a *Florence* shall erect,
Which great *Apollo* ever shall protect,
And with the Numbers from my Pen that falls,
Bring Marble Mines, to re-erect those Walls.
* Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, from all Tongues re-
To be the glory of the *English* Court, (port

Shall

Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If ever *Surrey* truly were inſpir'd.
* And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings,
To that inchanting *Thracian* Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drink
A Bowl of Nectar, fill'd up to the Brink;
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muſes kept
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred Verſes (moſt divinely pen'd)
Upon thy praiſes ever ſhall attend.

What time I came into this famous Town,
And made the cauſe of my Arrival known,
Great *Medices* a Liſt (for Triumphs) built;
Within the which, upon a Tree of Gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare Devices ſet)
I did erect thy lovely Counterfeit,
To anſwer thoſe *Italian* Dames deſire,
Which dayly came thy Beauty to admire:
By which, my Lyon, in his gaping Jaws
Held up my Lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my Gauntlet unto him that dare
A Beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which, when each Manly valiant Arm aſſays,
After ſo many brave triumphant days,
The glorious Prize upon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare;
The ſhiver'd Staves, here for thy Beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at ev'ry ſhock,
When ſtormy Courſes anſwer'd Cuff for Cuff,
Denting proud Bevers with the Counter-buff

Upon an Altar, burnt with holy Flame,
I ſacrific'd, as Incenſe to thy Fame:
Where, as the Phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renews her ſelf, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred Aſhes live we both,
Ev'n as that one *Arabian* Wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my ſelf retire,
Burnt with the Sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of *England*, which my Hope contains,
The happy Iſle where *Geraldine* remains;
* Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial Eyne
At firſt did pierce this tender Breaſt of mine;
* Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found;
Near that fair Caſtle is a little Grove,
With hanging Rocks all cover'd from above;
Which on the Bank of goodly *Thames* doth ſtand,
Clipt by the Water from the other Land,
Whoſe buſhie top doth bid the Sun forbear,
(there;
Checks thoſe proud Beams, attempt to enter
(breath,
Whoſe Leaves ſtill muttering, as the Ayr doth
With the ſweet bubbling of the Stream beneath,
Doth rock the Senſes (whilſt the ſmall Birds ſing)
Lulled aſleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies ſport at Priſon-Baſe;
(place)
(No doubt there is ſome Pow'r frequents the

There

There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech do bear
Our Names together carved ev'ry where,
And Gordian Knots do curiouſly entwine
The Names of *Henry* and *Geraldine*.
Oh, let this Grove in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Lovers bleſs'd Elizium*;
Whither my Miſtreſs wonted to reſort,
In Summers heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry names I have it given,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Cover-Heaven,
The Roof where Beauty her rich Court doth keep,
Under whoſe compaſs all the Stars do ſleep.
There is one Tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear theſe Verſes carved in his Rinde:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy fair ſhade,*
Fan her ſweet Treſſes with perfumed Air,
Let thy large Boughs a Canopy be made.
To keep the Sun from gazing on my Fair;
And when thy ſpreading branched Arms be ſunk,
And thou no Sap nor Pith ſhalt more retain,
Ev'n from the duſt of thy unwieldy Trunk,
I will renew thee Phœnix-like again,
And from thy dry decayed Root will bring
A new-born Stem, another Æſons Spring.
I find no cauſe, nor judge I reaſon why,
My Country ſhould give place to *Lumbardy*;
* As goodly Flow'rs on *Thame's* rich Banck do grow,
As beautifie the Banks of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
By ſilver *Severn* tripping hand in hand:

Our ſhad's as ſweet, though not to us ſo dear,
Becauſe the Sun hath greater power there:
This diſtant place doth give me greater Woe;
Far off, my Sighs the farther have to go,
(long?
Ah abſence! why thus ſhould'ſt thou ſeem ſo
(wrong
Or wherefore ſhould'ſt thou offer Time ſuch
Summer ſo ſoon to ſteal on Winters Cold,
Or Winters Blaſts ſo ſoon make Summer old?
Love did us both with one-ſelf Arrow ſtrike,
(like;
Our Wound's both one, our Cure ſhould be the
Except thou haſt found out ſome mean by Art,
Some pow'rfull Med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and abſence being proved,
It ſticks too faſt, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, Adieu, from *Florence* when I go,
By my next Letters *Geraldine* ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall by courſe direct,
From *Venice* by ſome meſſenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy hearts deſire,
By him that lives thy vertues to admire.

ANNO

From learned *Florence*, long time rich in Fame.

FLorence, *a City of* Tuscan, *standing upon the River* Arnus *(celebrated by* Dante, Petrarch, *and other the most Noble Wits of* Italy*) was the original of the Family, out of which, this* Geraldine *did spring, as* Ireland *the place of her Birth, which is intimated by these Verses of the Earl of* Surrey.

From *Tuscan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Fair *Florence* was sometimes her ancient seat,
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild *Cambers* Cliffs, did give her lively heat.

Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, *a man in his time so famous for Magick (which the Books published by him, concerning that argument, do partly prove) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions: so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earl (and therewithal so Noble a Peer; a quality, by which his other Titles receive their greatest lustre) Invention may make somewhat more bold with* Agrippa *above the barren truth.*

That *Lyon* set in our bright *silver Bend.*

* *The blazon of the* Howards *honourable Armour, was,* Gules between six crosselets Fitchy a bend Argent, *to*

which afterwards was added by atchievement, In the Canton point of the Bend, an Escutcheon, *or* within the *Scotish* tressure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules, &c. *as Master* Camden, *now* Clerenceaux, *from authority noteth. Never shall Time or bitter Envy be able to obscure the brightness of so great a Victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of* Scotland, George Buchanan, *reporteth, That the Earl of* Surrey *gave for his Badge a* Silver Lion *(which from Antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces* A Lion prostrate Gules, *and withall, that this which he terms insolence, was punished in him and his Posterity, as if it were fatal to the Conquerour, to do his Soveraign such Loyal service, as a thousand such severe Censurers were never able to perform.*

Since *Scotish* Blood discolour'd *Floden* Field.

The Battel was fought at Bramston, *near* Floden *Hill, being a part of the* Cheviot, *a Mountain that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of* England *for bigness; in which, the wilful Perjury of* James *the Fifth was punished from Heaven by the Earl of* Surrey, *being left by King* Henry *the Eighth (then in* France *before* Turwin) *for the defence of this Realm.*

Nor beautious *Stanhope*, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the Beauty of that Lady, he himself testifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize under a Lion and a Wolf. And of himself he saith:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any Snow.

And

And of her,

I might perceive a Wolf, as white as a Whales Bone,
A fairer Beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none,
But that her Looks were coy, and froward was her Grace.

And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers sings.

Sir Thomas Wyat *the Elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant do witness; besides certain* Encomions, *written by the Earl of* Surrey, *upon some of* Davids *Psalms, by him translated:*

What holy Grave, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Psalms shall Christians purchase then?

And afterward, upon his Death, the said Earl writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy Breast?
Honour that *England*, such a Jewel bred,
And kiss the Ground whereas thy Corps did rest.

Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweet celestial Eyne.

It is manifest by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earl, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon:

Hunsdon did first present her to mine Eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his Love, I do alledge in divers places of this Gloss, as proof of what I write.

Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windsor*, where abound,
All Pleasures, &c.

That he enjoyed the presence of his fair and vertous Mistress in those two places, by reason of Queen Katherines *usual abode there (on whom this Lady* Geraldine *was attending) I prove by these Verses of his:*

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor (alas) doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When *Windsor* Walls sustain'd my wearied Arm,
My Hand, my Chin, to ease my restless Head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor *to Paradise, an Elegie may prove; where he remembreth his passed Pleasures in that place.*

With a Kings Son my Childish years I pass'd,
In greater Feasts than *Priams* Son of *Troy*.

And again in the same Elegie:

Those large green Courts, where we were wont to rove,
With Eyes cast up unto the Maidens Tower,
With easie sighs, such as Men draw in love.

And again in the same:

The stately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances short, long Tales of sweet Delight.

And for the pleaſantneſs of the place, theſe Verſes of his may teſtifie, in the ſame Elegie before recited:

The ſecret Groves which we have made reſound,
With ſilver drops the Meads yet ſpread for ruth.

As goodly flow'rs on *Thameſis* rich Banck do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place, not to have ſpoken of Thames, *being ſo oft remembred by me before, in ſundry other places, on this occaſion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, as I judge, either to be done by the ſaid Earl, or Sir* Francis Brian; *for the worthineſs thereof, I will here inſert: as it ſeems to me, was compyled at the Authors being in* Spain.

Tagus, farewel, which Weſtward with thy Streams
Turn'ſt up the grains of Gold, already try'd,
For I with Spur and Sayl go ſeek the *Thames*,
Againſt the Sun that ſhews his wealthy pride,
And to the Town that *Brutus* ſought by Dreams,
Like bended Moon, that leanes her luſty ſide,
To ſeek my Country now, for whom I live,
O mighty *Jove*, for this the Winds me give.

The

The Lady *GERALDINE* TO *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*.

SUCH greeting as the Noble *Surrey* ſends,
The like to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other Terms or Complements to ſtand,
Which (might my ſpeech be as my Heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my Faith as firm ſhall prove,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhew of Love.
In *Cupids* School I never read thoſe Books,
Whoſe Lectures oft we practice in our Looks,
Nor ever did ſuſpitious rival Eye
Yet lie in wait my Favours to eſpy;
My Virgin Thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaſt Bluſhes ſitting on my Cheek:
As in a Feaver, I do ſhiver yet,
Since firſt my Pen was to the Paper ſet.
If I do err, you know my Sex is weak, (ſpeak.
Fear proves a Fault, where Maids are forc'd to
Do I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein;
O, if I do, reprove me of my ſin:
Chide me in Faith, or if my Fault you hide,
My Tongue will teach my ſelf, my ſelf to chide.

Nay,

Nay, Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſs ſhould return my Guilt:
For that ſhould be ev'n from our ſelves conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our Thoughts reveal'd;
For the leaſt Motion, more the ſmalleſt Breath,
That may impeach our Modeſty, is Death.

The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) ſhould marvel at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakedneſs of my Immodeſty,
Which in my Face he greater might have ſeen,
But that my Fan I quickly put between;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward Guilt could hide,
"Fear ſeeing all, fears it of all is ſpy'd.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his Light;
The Blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Living by that which ſeeks the ſame to choke;
The Flame ſtill hanging in the Air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return: (cloſeth,
Then clear, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſs
As well the beſt diſcerning Eye may doubt, (loſeth;
Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my Cheek my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now again it glow'd.

If in your Verſe there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I love;
It's you bewitch my Boſome, by mine Ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:

Aires

Aires to aſſwage the bloody Souldiers mind,
Poor Women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'l think, that I theſe terms inforce,
For that in Court this kindneſs is of courſe;
Or that it is that Hony-ſteeped Gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our Loves withal,
That in one Eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
In th'other, drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can Envy ſpeak of us,
But it ſhall find ſome vainly credulous?
I do not ſo, and to add proof thereto,
I love in Faith, in Faith, ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the Envy of invenom'd Tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poor Ladies Wrongs,
Thy Noble Breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſs,
By any doubt to make my love the leſs.
My Houſe from *Florence* I do not pretend,
Nor from thoſe *Geralds* claim I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe Honours inſufficient are,
That I receive from *Deſmond* or *Kildare:*
Nor add I greater worth unto my Blood,
Than *Iriſh* Milk to give me Infant-food;
Nor better Air will ever boaſt to breath,
Than that of *Lemſter*, *Munſter*, or of *Meath*;
Nor crave I other forreign far Allies,
* Than *Windſor's*, or *Fitz-Gerald's* Families:
It is enough to leave unto my Heirs,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the Court remove,
But that the Houſe gives matter to my Love?

At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walk,
There mount thy Courſer, there deviſe, there talk;
The Robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my Thoughts thy hoped Greatneſs brings:
None-ſuch, the Name imports (me thinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord none ſuch;
In *Hamptons* great Magnificence I find
The lively Image of thy Princely Mind;
Fair *Richmonds* Tow'rs like goodly Trophies ſtand
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious Hand;
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich Devices of thy Wit;
In *Greenwich* ſtill, as in a Glaſs, I view,
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy *Geraldine* adieu:
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
(Woes;
How are my Thoughts confus'd with Joys and
As through a Gate, ſo through my longing Ears
Paſs to my Heart whole multitudes of Fears.
Oh, in a Map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou doſt go!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to travel with our Eye
Romania, *Tuſcan*, and fair *Lumbardy*;
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet down
The Model of that Temple, or that Town;
And to relate at large where thou haſt been.
As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeen:
Expreſſing in a Figure, by thy Hand,
How *Naples* lies, how *Florence* fair doth ſtand;

Or

Or as the *Grecians* finger dip'd in Wine,
Drawing a River in a little Line,
And with a drop a Gulf to figure out,
To model *Venice* moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfeit a Sea,
And draw the Front of ſtately *Genoua.*
Theſe from thy Lips were like harmonious Tones,
(Grones.
Which now do ſound like Mandrakes dreadful
Some travel hence t'inrich their Minds with Skill,
Leave here their Good, and bring home others Ill;
Which ſeem to like all Countries but their own,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are known;
(their Head,
Their Leg, their Thigh, their Back, their Neck,
As they had been in ſeveral Countries bred;
In their Attyre, their Geſture, and their Gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate;
So well in all deformity in faſhion,
Borrowing a Limb of ev'ry ſev'ral Nation;
And nothing more than *England* hold in ſcorn,
So live as Strangers whereas they were born:
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed;
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
From ancient Vertue ſhould ſo far decline;
The *Muſes* train (whereof your ſelf are chief)
Only to me participate their Grief:
To ſooth their humors, I do lend them ears.
"He gives a Poet, that his Verſes hears.

Till

Till thy return,, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The World and they, so ill according be,
That Wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in Court that of their good have care,
The *Muses* friends are every-where so rare;
Some praise thy Worth (that it did never know)
Only because the better sort do so,
Whose judgment never further doth extend,
Than it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slack, whilst no man puts his hand
(stand?
* To raise the mount where *Surrey's* Towers must
Or Who the groundsil of that work doth lay,
Whilst like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,
Clip'd in the Arms of some lascivious Dame,
When thou shouldst rear an *Ilion* to thy Name?
When shall the *Muses* by fair *Norwich* dwell,
To be the City of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incense heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when shall that fair hoof-plow'd Spring distill
From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards* Hill?
Till thou return, the Court I will exchange
For some poor Cottage, or some Country Grange,
Where to our Distaves, as we sit and Spin,
My Maid and I will tell what things have bin,

Our

Our Lutes unſtrung ſhall hang upon the Wall,
Our Leſſons ſerve to wrap our Towe withal,
And paſs the Night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſung
In Courtly Sport, when we our ſelves were young,
In prety Riddles to bewray our Loves,
In queſtions purpoſe, or in drawing Gloves.
The Nobleſt Spirits, to Vertue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in Court thy greateſt want do find;
Others there be, on which we feed our Eye,
* Like Arras-work, or ſuch like Image'ry:
Many of us deſire Queen *Kath'rines* ſtate,
But very few her Vertues imitate.
Then, as *Ulyſſes* Wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelf to me.

ANNOTATIONS on the Chronicle Hiſtory.

Then *Windſors*, or *Fitz-Geralds* Families.

THe coſt of many Kings, which from time to time have adorned the Caſtle at Windſor *with their Princely Magnificence, hath made it more Noble, than that it need to be ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I hold it more meet, to refer you to your vulgar Monuments for the Founders and Finiſhers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing to the purpoſe. As for the Family of the* Fitz-Geralds, *of whence this excellent Lady was lineally deſcended, the original was*

Engliſh,

Engliſh, *though the Branches did ſpread themſelves into diſtant Places, and Names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was uſual to denominate themſelves of their Manours or Forenames: as may partly appear in that which enſueth: the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy Friend, Maſter* Francis Thin. Walter *of* Windſor *the Son of* Oterus, *had to Iſſue* William, *of whom*, Henry, *now Lord* Windſor *is deſcended, and* Robert *of* Windſor, *of whom* Robert, *the now Earl of* Eſſex *and* Gerald *of* Windſor, *his third Son, who married the Daughter of* Rees *the great Prince of* Wales, *of whom came* Nesta, *Paramour to* Henry *the Firſt: Which* Gerald *had Iſſue*, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, *Anceſtor to* Thomas Fitz-Maurice *Juſtice of* Ireland, *buryed at* Trayly; *leaving Iſſue* John *his Eldeſt Son, firſt Earl of* Kildare, *Anceſtor to* Geraldine, *and* Maurice *his ſecond Son firſt Earl of* Deſmond.

To raiſe the Mount where *Surrey*'s Tow'rs muſt ſtand.

Alluding to the ſumptuous Houſe which was afterward builded by him upon Leonard's *Hill, right againſt* Norwich; *which in the Rebellion of* Norfolk *under* Ket, *in King* Edward *the Sixth*'s *time was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the City, as* Alexander Nevil *deſcribes it, the River of* Yarmouth *runs, having Weſt and South thereof a Wood, and a little Village called* Thorp, *and on the North, the paſtures of* Mouſhold, *which contain about ſix miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſs of Mount* Surrey *which was the Houſes name, the Proſpect and Sight thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that increaſing evil of the* Norfolk *Fury enkennel it ſelf then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to profane all holy.*

Like Arras-work, or rather Imagery.

Such was he whom Juvenal *taxeth in this manner:*

———Truncoque ſimilimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit Imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing elſe but Apparel, and the outward appearance, intituled, Complement: with whom, the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in Æſop *ſorteth fitly; who comming into a Carver's Houſe, and viewing many Marble Works, took up the Head of a Man, very cunningly wrought: who greatly, in praiſing, did ſeem to pity it, that having ſo comely an outſide, it had nothing within: like empty Figures, walk and talk in every place: at whom the Noble* Geraldine *modeſtly glanceth.*

FINIS.

The Lady *Jane Gray* TO THE Lord *GILFORD DUDLEY*.

The ARGUMENT.

After the death of that vertuous Prince King Edward *the Sixth, the Son of that famous King* Henry *the Eighth,* Jane, *the Daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of* Suffolk, *by the consent of* John Dudley *Duke of* Northumberland *was proclaimed Queen of* England, *being married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth Son of the aforesaid Duke of* Northumberland; *which Match was concluded by their ambitious Father, who went about by this means to bring the Crown unto their Children, and to dispossess the Princess* Mary, *eldest Daughter of King* Henry *the Eighth, Heir to King* Edward *her Brother. Queen* Mary *rising in Arms to claim her rightful Crown, taketh the said* Jane Gray *and the Lord* Gilford *her Husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safety, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this means becomes their Prison: where being severed in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own dear Lord, since thou art lock'd from me,
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renue all Loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper coming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting, anſwers my deſire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief ſtops my words, and I but ſtrive in vain,
Where-with amaz'd, away in haſt he goes, (Woes;
When through my Lips, my Heart thruſts forth my
But then the doors that make a doleful ſound,
Drive back my words, that in the noiſe are drown'd;
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
When like an adverſe wind in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the Tide bending his boiſtrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it ſelf about,
He following on, doth headlong thruſt it out:
Thus ſtrive my ſighs, with tears er'e they begin,
And breaking out, again ſighs drive them in.
A thouſand forms preſent my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,
" The depth of Woe, with words we hardly ſound
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound.
As tears do fall and riſe, ſighs come and go,
So do theſe numbers ebb, ſo do they flow.
Theſe briny tears do make my Ink look pale,
My Ink, Cloaths tears, in this ſad mourning vail,
The Letters Mourners, weep with my dim Eye,
The Paper pale, griev'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable our ſelves, why ſhould we deem?
Since none are ſo, but in their own eſteem;
" Who in diſtreſs from reſolution flies,
" Is rightly ſaid to yield to miſeries;

* They

* They which begot us, did beget this sin,
They first begun, what did our grief begin;
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crown would to my Lord have (link'd
All hope of life, and liberty extinct;
A Subject born, a Soveraign to have been,
Hath made me now, nor Subject, nor a Queen.
Ah vile Ambition, how do'st thou deceive us, (us?
Which shew'st us Heaven. and in Hell do'st leave
" Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,
" When errour cometh in good counsels shape,
" A lawful title counterchecks proud might,
" The weakest things become strong props to right;
Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
" Death but an acted passion doth appear, (clear,
" Where truth gives courage, and the conscience
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I bear part of whatso'ere is thine;
And when we liv'd untouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our Kingdom was our sweet embraces;
At *Durham* Pallace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
Whose buildings with our Nuptial Musick rang?
When *Prothalamions* prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they devis'd to link by Wedlocks band,
The House of *Suffolk* to *Northumberland*;
Our fatal Dukedom to your Dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.

For what avails a lawleſs Uſurpation?
Which gives a Sceptre, but not rules a Nation,
Only the ſurfeit of a vain opinion; (nion.
" What gives content, gives what exceeds Domi-
* When firſt my ears were pierced with the fame
Of *Jane*, proclaimed by a Princeſs name,
A ſuddain fright my trembling Heart appalls,
The fear of Conſcience entreth Iron Walls.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had foreſeen,
And kept a mean Gate in an humble path,
To have eſcap'd the Heav'ns impetuous wrath.
The true bred Eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
And not each Bird reſembling their brave kind;
He, like a King, doth from the Clouds command
The fearful Fowl, that moves but near the Land.
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My Bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
* My Grandſire, *Brandon*, did our Houſe advance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of *France*;
The fruit of that fair ſtock, which did combine,
And *York*'s ſweet branch with *Lancaſter*'s entwine.
And in one ſtalk did happily unite,
The pure vermilion Roſe, and purer white;
I, the untimely ſlip of that rich Stem,
Whoſe golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I;
Nor do I boaſt of this, but learn to die.
Whilſt we were, as our ſelves, conjoyned then,
Nature to Nature, now an Alien.

" To

" To gain a Kingdom, who ſpares their next blood,
" Nearneſs contemn'd, if Sov'raignty withſtood;
" A Diadem, once dazeling the Eye,
" The day's too dark to ſee Affinity; (Crown,
" And where the Arm is ſtretch'd to reach a
(down
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things thrown
* For what great *Henry* moſt ſtrove t' avoid,
(deſtroy'd,
The Heav'ns have built, where Earth would have
And ſeating *Edward* on his Regal Throne,
He gives to *Mary*, all that was his own,
But death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claim of *Henry*'s lawfull Heirs.
By mortal Laws, the bond may be divorc'd,
But Heav'ns decree, by no means can be fore'd,
They rule the caſe, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence, foreſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
For we in vain relie on humane Laws, (cauſe;
When Heaven ſtands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the Skies in their continual Courſe,
That yields to Fate, that doth not yield to force.
" Mans Wit doth build for Time but to devour,
" Vertues free from Time, and Fortunes pow'r;
Then my kind Lord, ſweet *Gilford*, be not griev'd,
The Soul is Heav'nly, and from Heav'n reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either;
To thy fair breaſt take my reſolved mind,
Arm'd againſt black Deſpair, and all her kind,

Into my boſome breath that Soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So ſhall our Faiths as firmly be approv'd,
As I of thee, or thou of me belov'd.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee;
Thou my dear Husband, and my Lord before.
But truly learn to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now live by prayer, on Heaven fix all thy thought,
And ſurely find, what ere by zeal is ſought;
For each good motion that the Soul awakes,
A Heavenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kind,
Forms (like it ſelf) an Image in the mind,
And in our Faith the operations be
Of that divineneſs, which through that we ſee;
Which never errs but accidentally,
By our frail Fleſhes imbecillity;
By each temptation over-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as theſe Towers our bodies do incloſe,
So our Souls priſons verily are thoſe;
Our Bodies, ſtopping that Celeſtial Light,
As theſe do hinder our exteriour ſight:
Whereon death ſeizing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſs of this Earthly part;
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On Faith, Repentance and Humility;

By

By which, to Heaven aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in Prayer upon your bended Knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtaid,
You need in peril not to be diſmaid,
Which ſtill ſhall keep you, that you ſhall not fall,
For any peril that can you appall.
The Key of Heav'n thus with you, you ſhall bear,
And Grace, you guiding, get you entrance there;
And if you theſe Celeſtial Joys poſſeſs,
Which mortal Tongue's unable to expreſs.
Then thank the Heaven, preparing us this Room,
Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdom,
Before the black and diſmal days begin,
The days of Idolatry and Sin;
Not ſuffering us to ſee that wicked Age
When Perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
When Tyranny, new Torture ſhall invent,
Inflicting vengeance on the Innocent. (bring,
Yet Heaven forbids, that *Mary*'s Womb ſhould
England's fair Scepter to a forreign King,
* But unto fair *Elizabeth* ſhall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receive it;
And on her Temple having plac'd the Crown,
Root out the Dregs Idolatry hath ſown;
And *Sion*'s Glory ſhall again reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſt, and deſolate before:
And from Cinders, and rude heap of Stones,
Shall gather up the Martyrs ſacred Bones,
And ſhall extirp the power of *Rome* again,
And caſt aſide the heavy yoke of *Spain*.

Pare-

Farewell, ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is near,
Heaven is our home, we are but Strangers here,
Let us make haſte to go unto the bleſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt,
And with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Until in Heaven thy *Jane* again ſhall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle Hiſtory.

They which begot us, did beget this ſin.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whoſe pride was the cauſe of the utter overthrow of their Children.

At *Durham* Pallace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang,
The buildings, &c.

The Lord Gilford Dudley *fourth Son to* John Dudley *Duke of* Northumberland, *married the Lady* Jane Gray, *Daughter to the Duke of* Suffolk *at* Durham *houſe in the* Strand.

When firſt mine ears were pierced with the ſame,
Of *Jane* proclaimed by a Princeſs name.

Preſently upon the death of King Edward, *the Lady* Jane *was taken as Queen, conveyed by Water to the Tower of* London *for her ſafety, and after proclaimed in divers places of the Realm, as ſo ordained by King* Edward's *Letters-Patents and his Will.*

My Grandſire, *Brandon*, did our Houſe advance,
By Princely *Mary* Dowager of *France*.

Henry Gray *Duke of* Suffolk, *married* Frances *the eldeſt Daughter of* Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk, *by the French Queen*,

Queen, by which Frances *he had this Lady* Jane: *This Mary the French Queen was Daughter to King* Henry *the Seventh, by* Elizabeth *his Queen, which happy Marriage conjoyned the Noble Families of* Lancaster *and* York.

For what great *Henry* moſt ſtrove to avoid.

Noting the diſtruſt that King Henry *the Eighth ever had in the Princeſs* Mary *his Daughter fearing ſhe ſhould alter the ſtate of the Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confeſſing the right that King* Henry's *Iſſue had to the Crown.*

* But unto fair *Elizabeth* ſhall leave it.

A Prophecie of Queen Mary's *Barrenneſs, and of the happy and glorious Reign of Queen* Elizabeth, *her reſtoring of Religion, the aboliſhing of the Romiſh Servitude, and caſting aſide the Yoke of* Spain.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley* TO The Lady *JANE GRAY*

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impriſoning Tow'r:
Oh could there be that pow'r in my Verſe, (pierce!
T' expreſs the grief which my ſad Heart doth
The very Walls that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weep at reading of my Woes,
Let your Eyes lend, I'le pay you ev'ry tear,
And give you intereſt, if you do forbear,

Drop

Drop for a drop and if you'll needs have lone,
I will repay you frankly two for one.
Perhaps you'll think (your ſorrows to appeaſe)
That words of Comfort fitter were than theſe:
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liveth
As in moſt grief me now moſt comfort giveth.
But think not, *Jane*, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my ſad complaint,
That Death ſo much my Courage can controle,
At the departing of my living Soul.
For if one life a thouſand lives could be,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee,
When thou this croſs ſo patiently doſt bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear;
And do'ſt no more this diſſolution fly,
Than if long Age conſtrained thee to dye.
Yet it is ſtrange, thou art become my Foe,
And only now add moſt unto my Woe,
Not that I loath what moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long depriv'd I'm of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeak, complaining of my wrong,
Straightways thy name poſſeſſeth all my Tongue.
As thou before me evermore did'ſt lie,
The preſent Object to my longing Eye;
No ominous Star did at thy Birth-tide ſhine,
That might of thy ſad deſtiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a Sacrifice art made,
As in thoſe Countries, where the loving Wives
With their kind Husbands end their happy lives;

And

And crown'd with Garlands in their Brides Attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reck'ned is of all,
Whom leaſt the peril ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of *Northumberland*'s great name,
(* Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to *Norfolk* with his Armies ſped,
And thence in chains the Rebels Captive led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our dores.
Yet ſpread his glory on the Eaſtern Shores.
*-Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe natural grace
Vertue may ſpring to beautifie our Race,
* Nor of *Gray*'s match, my Children born by thee,
Of the great bloud undoubtedly to be,
But of thy Virtue only do I boaſt,
That wherein I may juſtly glory moſt,
I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave.
It me ſuffic'd thy only ſelf to have:
Yet let me ſay, however it befell,
Methinks a Crown ſhould have become thee well,
For ſure thy Wiſdom merited (or none)
* To have been heard with wonder from a Throne;
When from thy Lips the Counſel to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceed.
And more eſteem'd thy Vertues were to me,
Than all that elſe might ever come by thee:
So chaſt thy love, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a Virgin when thou waſt a Wife;
So great a gift the Heav'n on me beſtow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:

Such

Such was the good I did poſſeſs of late,
Er'e worldly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate,
Er'e trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
And angry War our former Peace did wound,
But to know this, Ambition us affords,
" One Crown is guarded with a thouſand ſwords,
" To mean Eſtates, mean ſorrows are but ſhow'n,
(known.
" But Crowns have cares, whoſe workings be un-
* When *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole Forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterpriſe could let,
* Whom a grave Council freely did abet,
That had the judgment of the pow'rful Laws
In ev'ry point to juſtifie the cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that laid,
(have ſwaid?
Who would have thought that theſe could not
But what alas! can Parliaments avail,
Where *Mary*'s Right muſt *Edward*'s Acts repeal?
* When *Suffolk*'s pow'r doth *Suffolk*'s hopes with-
Northumberland doth leave *Northumberland*. (ſtand,
And they that ſhould our greatneſs undergo
Us and our Actions only overthrow,
Er'e greatneſs gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which overtaken, puniſheth our haſt.
If any one do pity our offence,
Let him beſure that he be far from hence:

Here

Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly ſhould but think,
Our timeleſs tears th' inſatiate Earth doth drink.
All Lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull Children rue,
Fathers in death, ſo kindly bid adieu,
Friends their dear farewell lovingly to take,
The faithfull Servant weeping for our ſake,
Brothers and Siſters waiting on our Bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we alas! deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut,
Now in dark priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then rely,
Hold on thy courſe reſolved ſtill to dy;
And when we ſhall ſo happily begone,
Leave it to Heav'n to give the rightful Throne,
And with that Health, I thee regreet again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

AN-

ANNOTATIONS of the Chronicle History.

Nor of *Ket* conquer'd adding to our fame.

JOhn *Duke of* Northumberland, *when before he was Earl of* Warwick, *in his expedition against* Ket, *overthrew the Rebels of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *encamped at Mount* Surrey *in* Norfolk.

Nor of my Brothers, from whose natural grace.

Gilford Dudley, *as remembring in this place the towardness of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that House of the* Dudleys, *of which he was a Fourth Brother, if not suppressed by their Fathers overthrow.*

Nor of *Gray*'s Match, my Children born by thee.

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Jane Gray, *by her Mother, which was* Frances *the Daughter of* Charles Brandon, *by* Mary *the French Queen, Daughter to* Henry *the Seventh, and Sister to* Henry *the Eighth.*

To have been heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman endued with such wonderful gifts, as was this Lady, both for her Wisdom and Learning; of whose skill in Tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris *Janam Graio* sermone valere,
Quo primum nata est tempore *Graia* fuit,

When

When *Dudley* led his Army to the Eaſt.

The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his power at* London *for his expedition againſt the Rebels in* Norfolk, *and making haſt away, appointed the reſt of his forces to meet him at* New-Market-Heath: *of whom this ſaying is reported, that paſſing through* Shoreditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his company ſeeing the people in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid, The people preſs to ſee us, but none bid God ſpeed us.*

Whom a grave Council freely did abet.

John Dudley *Duke of* Northumberland, *when he went out againſt Queen* Mary, *had his Commiſſion ſealed for the Generalſhip of the Army, by the conſent of the whole Council of the Land: inſomuch that paſſing through the Council-Chamber at his departure, the Earl of* Arundel *wiſhed that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and ſpend his bloud in the quarrel.*

When *Suffolk*'s pow'r doth *Suffolk*'s hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leave *Northumberland.*

The Suffolk *men were the firſt, that ever reſorted to Queen* Mary *in her diſtreſs, repairing to her ſuccors, whilſt ſhe remained both at* Keningal *and at* Fermingham *Caſtle ſtill increaſing her Aids, until the Duke of* Northumberland, *was left forſaken at* Cambridge.

FINIS.